

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01520239 3

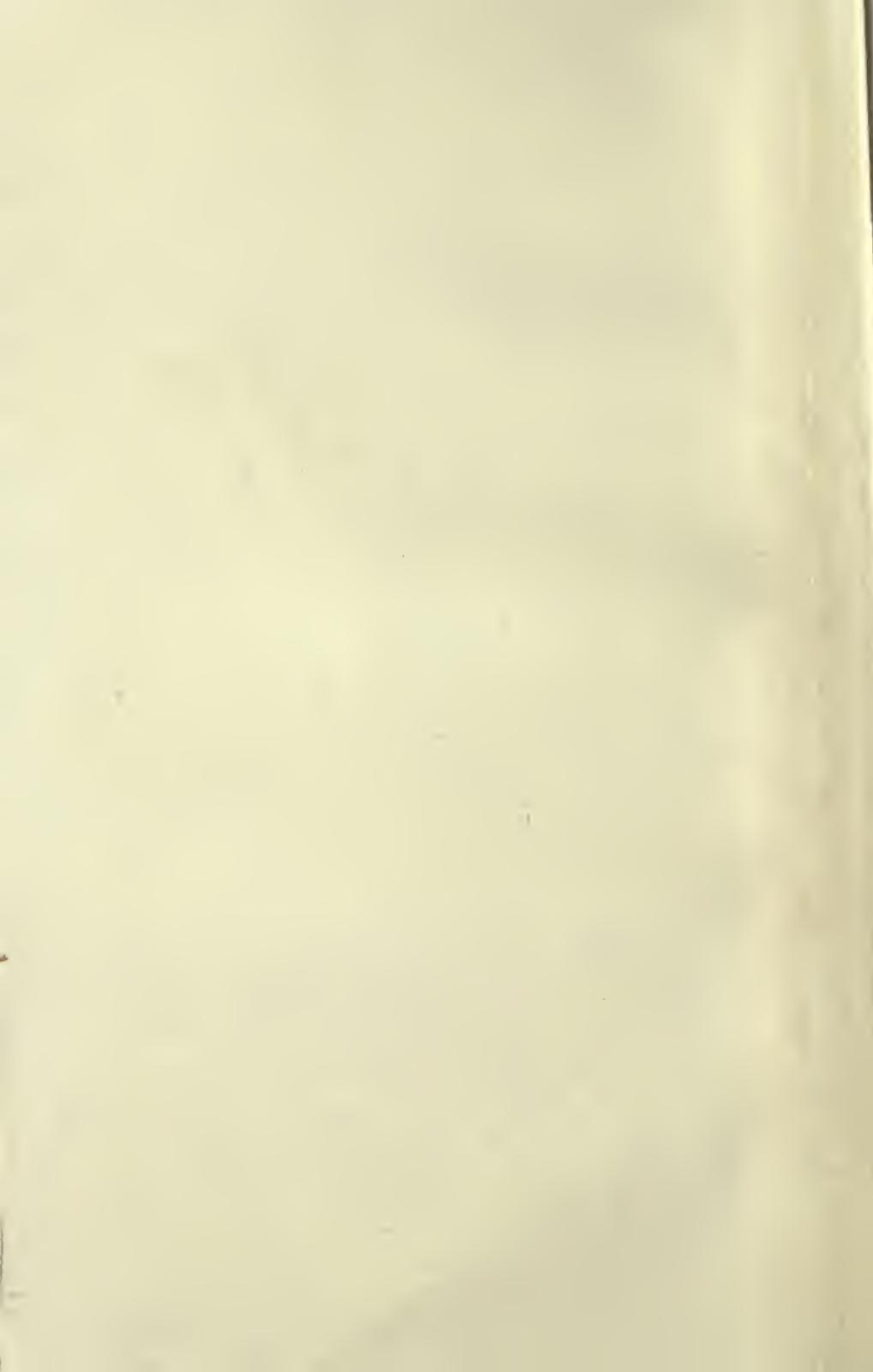
Walsh, Edward
Irish popular songs

PB
1353
I7
1883



A very faint, light gray watermark-style illustration of a classical building with four prominent columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



EIGHTEEN PENCE NET

DANTU FUÍTCHASAC NAI H-EJRJONN

IRISH
POPULAR
SONGS

— WITH —
ENGLISH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

BY Edward Walsh

M. H. GILL & SON

DUBLIN

SECOND EDITION



— WITH —

PB
1353
D
1883



IRISH POPULAR SONGS;

WITH

English Metrical Translations,

AND

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND NOTES.

BY

EDWARD WALSH.

Second Edition,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

DUBLIN:

W. H. SMITH AND SON, ABBEY-STREET.

M. H. GILL AND SON, SACKVILLE-STREET.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



PB
1353
T-
1883

DUBLIN :
PRINTED BY PETER ROE,
MABBOT-STREET.

TO

THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

AS A TRIBUTE TO THEIR MANY VIRTUES,

AND

WITH ARDENT ADMIRATION

OF

THEIR HIGH POETIC GENIUS,

AS EVIDENCED IN THEIR SONGS AND LEGENDS,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THEIR FRIEND AND COUNTRYMAN,

EDWARD WALSH.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

AT a time when efforts are being made to revive the use of the written language of our country, no apology is necessary for attempting to add our mite to the general fund, in the shape of a second and (so far as type, &c., are concerned) improved edition of the Irish words in native letters, with the translations and songs of the late Edward Walsh.

Music is to the Irishman what salt is to the Arab—it impresses his soul, it enters into his very being, and it is only the shame of exposing a weakness of his manhood that prevents his weeping when he hears some air of long ago—some plough tune whistled, that erst he heard when wandering over the familiar paths of his childhood—

“A stranger yet to pain.”

Well we remember (though now forty years since) following Walsh in the twilight of an autumn evening, drinking in the odd chords that came from the little harp that lay on his left arm as he wandered, lonely and unknown, by the then desert Jones’s-road, or reposed himself on one of the

seats that at that time were outside the walls of Clonliffe House. It was then we first heard *Cárað an τ-Súgáin*, “The Twisting of the Rope”—that beautiful air to which Moore adapted the no less beautiful words, “How dear to me the hour when Daylight dies!” We have ever known a difficulty in singing the words of the great poet to the air—there is none in Walsh’s version; but then *it* is the pure vintage, and words and music come from the same source.

In our young days, in the remote lodges of Bel-mullet, away at Inver, and amongst the O’Donnells of that ilk who inhabited the almost unknown regions of Pouleathomas, in wild Erris, we met many who could sing the native melodies, and give to the language that pathos which alone it is capable of receiving; but the march of intellect has only taught us to be ashamed of our nationality. The generous but indiscriminate supply of small harmoniums by the Board of National Education, and the Hullah System, have sent the music of poor Erin to the right-about; and you are much more likely now-a-days to hear “A che la Mórte,” “La Malle des Indes,” or “Li Biama” from Brindisi, than “Colleen das cruthan a Mbhow” or the “Coulin” echoing from the parlour of some comfortable shopkeeper of Killybegs or Westport, whose young ladies have just returned from school, where they learnt more of the phonograph than they did of “cut papers,” and worked at hideous

attempts at illumination when they should have been learning to make a shirt for their father, or to diaper-darn their own stockings! The music of their country was not to be thought of, and shopkeepers' daughters who had perforce to speak Irish in Berehaven, did not know a word of the language when they came to fashionable Cork.

But a brighter day is dawning, and the publication of such songs as Walsh's must beget a taste and raise Nationalism and Patriotism from the low state to which they have fallen.

We have made no attempt to fix airs, or institute comparisons; we give the book as it came from the author—there is nothing in it that requires a justification or excuse. We believe it to be a noble specimen of native genius, and as such we offer it to our countrymen, confident in their verdict, and strongly hoping to live to hear the soul-stirring, heart-moving songs of the people echoing in the vernacular through the verdant groves of our **NATIVE LAND.**

J. S. S.

Dublin, June, 1883.

C O N T E N T S .

—oo—

	Page	
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON IRISH POPULAR POETRY	9	
Original Letters, never before published	33	
Stuailíon ná m-bailealbheas	The Maid of the Fine Flowing	
néid	ing Hair	41
Caraid an t-Súðair	The Twisting of the Rope	43
Fálmeadz zeal an lae	The Dawnig of the Day	45
Beag dubh an Gleanná	The Dark Maid of the Valley	47
Seólao ná n-Scáinnád	Leading the Calves	51
Cormac Óg	Cormac Oge	53
Ailtí bárr ná g-cnoc	Over the Hills and far away	55
Mhíruin ná gruaighe báine	Beloved of the Flaxen Tresses	59
An Róir zeal Dubh	Rós Geal Dubh	61
Ban-Chinnic Eireannach Óg	The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh	67
Uaill Cúmhaidhán Mhánaíle	Lament of the Mangaire	
Súðairc	Sugach	69
Cúpana ní Caíndra	The Cup of O'Hara	75
A náib cù aí an g-Carrílaí?	Have you been at Carrick?	77
Nóra an cón ómhra	Amber-hair'd Nora	81
An bhíríníneall meiliib	The Graceful Maiden	83
Duan an h-adóra	The Boat Song	87
Slan le Maig	Farewell to the Maig	91
Plúin ná m-ban doinn óg	Flower of Brown-hair'd Maidens	95
Síle beag ní Cholmdealbháin	Little Celia Connellan	99
A h-Uircíde chroíde ná n-	Whiskey, Soul of Revelry	101
Ahaman		
Dáirteín Fionn	The Fair Young Child	105
An Seocho	The Lullaby	109
Neillíde bhan	Nelly Bán	117
'Bé n Éillinn í	Whoe'er she be	119

	Page
Caítlin ní Uallachan	Caitilin ni Uallachan 123
A Shloban a Rún	O, Judith, my Dear 125
Aifréid Sheázair i meic Domhnaill	The Vision of John M'Donnell 127
Maoisín Íseal Samhráis	One Clear Summer Morning 133
Uaill-éanach an Aoibhneir	The Voice of Joy 135
Váin Círe ní hInéoraij cia h-í	For Ireland I'd not tell her Name 137
Briatharacholl beul-aé-h-amhaír	The Maid of Ballyhaunis . . 141
An Ailníní Alainn	The Lovely Maid 145
Cúinte mo chroíde	Pulse of my Heart 147
A taistítear aili do Thúimba	From the Cold Sod that's o'er you 149
'Bé 'n Círeionn í mo dhraos Í	Whoe'er she be, I love Her . 153
Ban Chinnic aofáin Círeionn ,	Fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland 159
Caítrín ní Sheoirn	Caitrin, the Daughter of John 161
Dúan na Saoipire	The Song of Freedom . . . 163
Olaíon Coízair Ruailó n Sháil-	Owen Roe O'Sullivan's Drink-
leabhair	ing Song 167
Cáiréal Mumhan	Cashel of Munster 173

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
ON
IRISH POPULAR POETRY.

THE popular Songs and Ballads of Ireland are as completely unknown to the great mass of Irish readers, as if they were sung in the wilds of Lapland, instead of the green valleys of their own native land. These strains of the Irish Muse are to be found in the tongue of the people only; and while, for past centuries, every means had been used to lead the classes which had partaken, even in the slightest degree, of an English education, into a total disuse of the mother tongue; when the middle and upper ranks, aping the manners of the English settlers located among them, adopted a most unnatural dislike to the language of their fathers; when even in the courts of law the sole use of the vernacular was a stumbling-block in the way of him who sought for justice within their precincts, and the youth who may have acquired a smattering of education found it necessary, upon emerging from his native glen into the world, to hide, as closely as possible, all

knowledge of the tongue he had learned at his mother's breast; it is no wonder the peasantry should, at length, quit this last vestige of nationality, and assist the efforts of the hedge schoolmaster in its repression. The village teacher had long been endeavouring to check the circulation of the native tongue among the people, by establishing a complete system of espionage in these rustic seminaries, in which the youth of each hamlet were made to testify against those among them who uttered an Irish phrase. This will easily account for the very imperfect knowledge which the rising population of various districts have, at this hour, of the tongue which forms the sole mode of communication between their seniors. The poor peasant, seeing that education could be obtained through the use of English only, and that the employment of the native tongue was a strong bar to the acquirement of the favoured one, prohibited to his children the use of the despised language of his fathers. This transition was, and is still, productive of serious inconvenience to the young and the old of the same household in their mutual intercourse of sentiment. The writer of these remarks has been often painfully amused at witnessing the embarrassment of a family circle, where the parents, scarcely understanding a word of English, strove to converse with their children, who, awed by paternal command, and the dread of summary punishment at

the hands of the pedagogue, were driven to essay a language of which the parents could scarcely comprehend a single word, and of which the poor children had too scant a stock to furnish forth a tithe of their exuberant thought.

Yet, in this despised, forsaken language are stored up the most varied and comprehensive powers for composition. Who that has heard the priest address his Irish-speaking congregation, and seen the strange power of his impassioned eloquence over the hearts of his hearers—how the strong man, the feeble senior, the gentle girl, were alternately fixed in mute astonishment, kindled into enthusiasm, or melted into tears, as the orator pourtrayed the mercies of heaven to fallen man—who that has witnessed this, and will not acknowledge its thrilling influence in the affecting simplicity of its pathos, and the energy of its bold sublimity? Who that has heard the peasant-mother lavish upon her infant these endearing expressions, which can hardly be conveyed in a comparatively cold English dress, and not call it the tongue of maternal tenderness? And I trust that he who can read the following songs in the original, will likewise confess that the Irish tongue can also express the most passionate ardour, the most sweetly querulous murmurings of love, and that rending grief which beats its breast upon the margin of despair.

It has been asserted that there is no language

better adapted to lyric poetry than the Irish. That array of consonants which is retained in the words, to show the derivation, and which appears so formidable to the eye of an un-Irish reader, is cut off by aspirates, and softens down into a pleasing stream of liquid sounds, and the disposition of the broad and the slender vowels gives a variety to the ear by their ever-changing melody.

One striking characteristic in the flow of Irish verse must principally claim our notice—namely, the beautiful adaptation of the subject of the words to the song measure—the particular embodiment of thought requiring, it would seem, a kindred current of music to float upon. Or, to vary the figure, the particular tune so exquisitely chosen by the Irish lyrist, seems the natural gait of the subject, whatever that may be, from which it cannot be forced, in a translation, without at once destroying the graceful correspondence which gives its most attractive grace to the original.

Miss Brooke has erred through her versions of the “Reliques” in this respect, and so also, almost generally, have the translators of Mr. Hardiman’s “Minstrelsy.”

Another grace of the Irish language lies in the number of its *synonymes*, which enables the poet to repeat the same thought over and over without tiring the ear. Its copiousness permits the raising of a pyramid of words upon a single thought—as, for instance, in the description of a beautiful

head of hair, the poet employs a variety of epithets, all of the same cognate race, yet each differing from the other by some slight shade of meaning. The rhymers of later times have carried this peculiarity in a blameable degree. In this species of composition, the translator is quite bewildered, and he seeks, in vain, for equivalent terms in the English tongue to express the graceful redundancies of the original!

In the sentimental and pastoral songs of Ireland, will be found those varied and gorgeous descriptions of female beauty and rural scenery, which have no parallel in the English tongue, and which, as men of learning have asserted, are equalled only in the rich and exuberant poetry of the East. In these Irish songs are to be found none of the indelicate and even gross allusions which so greatly disgrace the lyrical efforts of the best poets of England in the last century. Not but that Irish rhymers have often composed in the censurable manner to which we have alluded; but these reprehensible lays are to be found only in manuscripts, and are never sung by the people.

Some of these popular songs are genuine pastorals, possessing this pleasing feature, that while nothing fictitious blends with the strain, and the whole is perfectly true to nature, nothing coarse or vulgar is introduced, to displease the most refined ear, and all the beautiful and glorious objects of nature are pressed into the service of

the muse. The bloom of the bean-field is the cheek of the rural nymph ; her eye, a freezing star, or the crystal dew-drops on the grass at sunrise ; her sudden appearance, a sunburst through a cloud of mist ; the majesty of her mien, the grace of the white-breasted swan surveying his arching neck in the mirror of the blue lake ; her voice, the cooing of the dove, the magic sounds of fairy music, or the speaking note of the cuckoo when he bids the woods rejoice ; her hair either ambery, golden, or flaxen—ringleted, braided, perfumed, bepearled, sweeping the tie of her sandal, or floating on the silken wing of the breeze ! The enamoured poet will lead his love over the green-topped hills of the South or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lake, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple-blossomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the heath-cock alone shall break their slumber of love !

Allegory was the favourite vehicle of conveying the political sentiment of Ireland in song, at least since the days of Elizabeth. To this figure the poets were inclined by the genius of the tongue, as well as the necessity which urged to clothe the aspirations for freedom in a figurative

dress. Erin, the goddess of the bard's worship, is a beautiful virgin, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor—all the terms of his tongue are expended in celebration of the charms of her person, her purity, her constancy, her present sufferings, her ancient glory! Her metaphorical names are many: the chief among that class are “Rós geal Dubh,” “Graine Mhaol,” “Droiman Donn;” or she sometimes appears invested with all the attributes in which the beautiful fairy mythology of the land enwraps the fabled beings of its creation. She leads the poet a devious route to many a rath and fairy palace, till at length, amid the shadowy forms of olden bards, and chiefs, and regal dames, and sceptred kings, she bids the wondering mortal proclaim to the Milesian Race that the period was at hand when her faithful friends would burst her bonds of slavery! The “Vision of John MacDonnell” is a beautiful instance of this species of composition, and is also very curious in illustration of the fairy topography of Ireland.

A few specimens to prove our remarks upon the power of Irish verse, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the reader. The following noble stanza is from a poem by Eoghan O'Rahilly, a poet of the last century, on a shipwreck which he witnessed on the coast of Kerry. The stanza and its translation are taken from O'Reilly's “Biography of Irish Writers”:

Đob éagħnaċ ġimjiżt ha tħle ja' daor-juuatax
 2ħéad ha tommha ja' fihnejadha ja' żaoġ żuajjnejha,
 Taob ha lojnże 'ra fihnejha aji tħneuħ-luaxja,/
 Aljz eżżejað tridim zo żuujnejol żan dajl fuarċajt;

The roaring flood resistless force display'd,
 Each whirling blast the swelling surges sway'd,
 'The vessel burst—alas ! the crew she bore
 Scream'd in the deep, and sank to rise no more !

Donough MacNamara, a Waterford poet of the last century, in his mock *Æneid*, thus describes the roar of the Stygian ferryman as penetrating the remotest boundaries of creation :—

Do lějz re żájji õr áriż iż békċeac,
 Le fuajjha a żoġa do ċriżżeatdaq ha rręapixx,
 Do ċualað an ċriżżeen ē 'r ċenji iffiżjoniż żéjji ar !

He uttered an outcry and a roar—
 At the sound of his voice the heavens were shaken,
 All creation heard it, and hell rebellowed !

The following incentive to battle is from the pen of Andrew Magrath, called the *Mangaire Sugach*, another Munster poet :—

Sin ażajb an t-am ażur żabbariż le ha ċejjle,
 Pneabariż le foñi ażur planċaiżnejt-piċ,
 Leanaariż an fożja aji tħneam an ējżei,
 'S ha h-jonniżżejað aen le rżāt o-n-żleb !

The hour hath come—unite your force ;
 Rush with ardour, and strike the fat he-goats ;

Follow up the assault on the perfidious race,
And let none swerve in terror from the conflict !

In “The Boat Song,”—one of the songs in the present collection,—the poet thus apostrophises a rock in Blacksod Bay:—

Αὶ Φαούλειη, α ἐποη-έσαιριαῖς ἵστιος ταῖς τράχῃς,
Ἄγη αη μιασθ-θάρις-το φύμη-τα βρεατήνες δο τάχτη,
Ἄη ἐγίηη λεατ, 'τ αη τ-ευαη-το, το ο-φασα τού βάσιον
Ταῖς σονταβάητις τοηη-θάρια γεαριασθη ταῖμι !

O ! Dillon, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark !
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding bark,
And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,
Wave mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine to-day !

The wind agitating the waters of the River Funcheon is thus described by one MacAuliff, a blacksmith of Glanmire, near Cork. I would beg of the classical reader to compare this line with that frequently quoted one in the first book of Homer's Iliad :—

Ξλιοντ-ζοτας λάγωνι α τ-εαγτηονη ηα τ-τοηη.

Loud-clanging, forceful, wild-tossing the waves.

The following instance from the song of *Eadh monn an Chnoic* will shew how the consonant sounds are softened down by aspiration:—

Á chíl aláinn déar ná b-páinneadá i car,
Ir bneagz' sur n glar do tríle !

Maid of the wreathed ringlets, beautiful, exceedingly fair,
Blue and splendid are your eyes !

And again, in the same song as it is sung in the South of Ireland :—

Á cumhain r a feánc na cámh; dne real
Fa collte aiz speala dhúcta,
Mai a bfaighdómh; dne bneac 'ir lon aili a nead,
Ail fiaidz' sur an poc aiz bhré;
Ail téinidz' sur binné aili zéagairz aiz reijim,
Ail éuaicéidz' aili báir an uil-zählair,
Ir zo bráit uil tlocra an bár aili an n-zoimé,
A lái ná collé cubairtá !

My hope, my love, we will proceed
Into the woods, scattering the dews,
Where we will behold the salmon, and the ousel
in its nest,
The deer and the roe-buck calling,
The sweetest bird on the branches warbling,
The cuckoo on the summit of the green hill ;
And death shall never approach us
In the bosom of the fragrant wood !

In the allegorical song, *Rós geal Dubh*, the poet's love for his unfortunate country, and his utter despair of its freedom, are thus expressed :

Tá ȝmáð aȝam aȝ lái ðít
le bliaȝam ahoir,
ȝmáð crialte, ȝmáð cáríam,
ȝmáð cíopatá,
ȝmáð t'fáȝ mē ȝan ríalitę,
ȝan riȝan, ȝan riȝt,
Ír zo briaȝt, briaȝt, ȝan aon ȝaill aȝam
Aȝn Róȝ ȝeal Dubh!

My love sincere is centred here
This year and more—
Love, sadly vexing, love perplexing,
Love painful, sore,
Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour,
Thrice hopeless love,
While fate doth sever me, ever, ever,
From *Rós geal Dubh* !

In the song of “Beautiful Deirdre,” the following will illustrate what has been already said of the power of the Irish in the use of synonyms:—

Ír camairac claoȝ, ’r ír craobac, cíat-úrlac,
Tajt̄heamhaç, teudac, faon-çar, peac-lúaiheac
leab̄aȝ-çearit, laob̄da, rlaodac, ríat̄-lúbac
A baçall-ȝoilt çaoim-ȝlan ȝeuȝac ȝað-çúriac.

Her ringlet-hair—

Curve-arching, meandering, spreading, curl-quivering,
Fascinating, stringlike, pliant-wreathing, restless-
swerving,

Free-extending, inclining, abundant, thick-twining,
Mildly-bright branchy, far-sweeping.

The next is a proof of the exquisite feeling of the elegiac muse of our valleys. A lover is weeping over the grave of his betrothed :—

Nuaipi ir dōiz le mo iññytipi zo m-bjm-re aipi mo
leaba,
Alpi do t̄uam̄ba r̄ead b̄j'm r̄jñte ó ojōce zo majd-
m̄,
Añ cipi r̄jor mo c̄l̄uaot̄aj̄i, ir añ c̄l̄uaot̄-zol zo
dājn̄zjōn̄,
T̄ne mo c̄ajl̄iñ c̄r̄ññ r̄t̄uam̄aj̄o, do luad̄añ l̄om̄ na
lean̄b̄ !

When the folk of my household suppose I am sleeping,
On your cold grave till morning the lone watch I'm
keeping ;
My grief to the night wind for the mild maid to
render,
Who was my betrothed since infancy tender !

I shall conclude these quotations with this simile, taken from one of the songs in the present collection :—

Chonaj̄ic m̄é añ teac̄t c̄uzam̄ i t̄ne láñ an t̄-rléj̄be,
M̄añ n̄el̄t̄ion̄ t̄r̄j̄o an z-ceó !

I saw her approach me along the mountain,
Like a star through a mist !

I shall now introduce to the reader's notice some of the poets of the last century, from whose

writings many of the songs in this collection are taken. Some of these songs belong to an earlier period. *Ros geal Dubh*, for instance, is supposed to have been composed in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the names of the writers of some of the best in the collection are now unknown. In these songs, the historian or moral philosopher may trace the peculiar character of our people; and from fragmented phrases and detached expressions, ascertain the "form and pressure" of the times to which they belong, even as the geologist bears away fragments of old world wonders, whence to deduce a theory or establish a truth. He will trace the ardent temper and unbroken spirit of our people in these undefined aspirations for freedom—the allegorical poems; their vehement and fiery love, chastened and subdued beneath the yoke of reason, by deep religious feeling, in their pastoral songs; and in the elegiac strains he will trace the intense feelings that exist in the Irish heart, as the mourner pours his despair over the grave of departed beauty, or sighs, on the margin of a foreign shore, for one green spot in his own loved island which he can never more behold.

These song writers are, doubtless, the lineal descendants of the bards of preceding centuries. Their poems, however, are not works of art; they are, with few exceptions, the efforts of untutored nature—the spontaneous produce of a rich poetic

soil. But if these wild lyrics thrill with electric power to the heart, what must be the effect of the finished productions of that happier period when the chiefs of the land protected the craft of the minstrel !

Chief among these poets, as distinguished for his extensive learning and bardic powers, stands John MacDonnell, surnamed Claragh, a native of Charleville, in the County Cork. He was the contemporary and friend of John Toomey, a Limerick poet, celebrated for his convivial temper and sparkling wit. The “Vision,” of MacDonnell, with some other pieces, come within the present collection. He was a violent Jacobite, and his poems are chiefly of that character. In his time, the poets held “bardic sessions” at stated intervals, for the exercise of their genius. The people of the districts bordering upon the town of Charleville yet retain curious traditions of these literary contests, in which the candidates for admission were obliged to furnish extempore proofs of poetical ability. O’Halloran, in his “Introduction to the History of Ireland,” makes honourable mention of this gifted man, and says that he was engaged in writing a history of Ireland in the native tongue. MacDonnell made also a proposal to some gentleman of the County Clare to translate Homer’s Iliad into Irish. “From the specimen he gave,” says O’Halloran, “it would seem that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as in a Greek dress.”

MacDonnell died in 1754, and was interred near Charleville. His friend and brother poet, John Toomey, wrote his elegy, which may be found in Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy."

Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*, from whose writings I have largely extracted, was a native of the County Limerick. He practised, for a considerable time, the business of a pedlar, or travelling merchant, an occupation that gave occasion to the designation, *Mangaire Sugach*, which denotes the *Jolly Merchant*. His poems are very numerous, and greatly varied, being chiefly satirical, amatory, and political. This man possessed a genius of the highest order. His humorous pieces abound with the most delicate touches, for, as his occupation of pedlar led him into all grades of society, his discrimination of character was consequently very acute. His love songs are full of pathos, and, so far as I have been able to observe, entirely free from the taint of licentiousness. He, however, lived a vicious, sensual life, and by his irregularities incurred the censures of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It was on occasion of his being refused admittance into the Protestant communion, after his expulsion from the Catholic Church, that he wrote his "Lament," where the portraiture of his strange distress leaves the reader at a loss whether to weep at his misfortune, or laugh at the ludicrous expression of his sorrow.

Owen O'Sullivan, usually named *Eoghan Ruadh*, or *Owen the Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of the County Kerry. He lived at a somewhat later period than either MacDonnell or Magrath, and was also, like Magrath, a very eccentric character. O'Sullivan sometimes followed the employment of an itinerant labourer, in which occupation he would make periodical excursions into the Counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, during the reaping and potato-digging seasons. In the summer months, he would open a hedge school in the centre of a populous district, where the boys of the surrounding hamlets, and the "poor scholars" who usually followed in the wake of Owen's perambulations, were taught to render the Greek of Homer and the usual school range of Latin authors into Irish and English. I should observe that Owen the Red wrote and spoke the English tongue with considerable fluency. Many of his satires, written in that language, against the Volunteers of '82, are yet preserved in the neighbourhood of Churchtown and Charleville, in the County of Cork.

O'Sullivan's productions are satirical, elegiac, amatory and political. He is the favourite poet of the Munster peasantry, and their appreciation of the potato-digging bard does high credit to their critical discrimination. His strain was bold, vigorous, passionate, and feeling; his only fault

being a redundancy of language to which he was led by the inclination of the Irish tongue, and his own vehemence of temper. He died in 1784.

The following extract from the life of Owen O'Sullivan, as I have given it in the “Jacobite Reliques,” will furnish a glimpse of this unfortunate genius :—

“ There are doubtless many of my readers who now hear of Owen Roe O’Sullivan for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that Owen Roe was to Ireland what Robert Burns, at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland—the glory and shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation that so closely resemble each other as Burns and Owen Roe. The same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman’s love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after “cheerful tankards foaming,” alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, Owen Roe first tuned his reed to the charms of nature and the joys of woman’s love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him, he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous, and, like him, succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the

spade and plough ; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion !”

William Hefferan, more usually called *William Dall*, or *Blind William*, a native of Shronehill, in the County Tipperary, was contemporary with MacDonnell and Toomey, with whom he often tried his poetic powers in the literary battles of the bardic sessions. He was born blind, and spent the greater part of his life, a poor houseless wanderer, subsisting upon the bounty of others. His pieces are political, elegiac, and amatory. The tenderness of his amatory muse is refined and sweet in the highest degree. His allegorical poem, *Cliona of the Rock*, says Mr. Hardiman, “ would in itself be sufficient to rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp him with the name of poet. The machinery of this ode has been a favourite form of composition with our later bards. They delighted in decorating these visionary beings with all charms of celestial beauty, and in this respect, our author appears to have been no mean proficient. His description is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest oriental colouring, and the sentiments and language are every way worthy of the subject.”

His *Caitlin ni Uallachán* and other pieces, in this collection, will furnish a fair specimen of his abilities.

Another poet of this century was Donough Roe MacNamara, a native of Waterford, who, finding that the profits of his hedge school, in which he taught Greek and Latin to the peasantry, were inadequate to his support, resolved to try his fortune as a labourer in Newfoundland. He embarked; but on the second day of the voyage, the vessel in which he sailed was chased back upon the Irish coast by a French privateer, and poor MacNamara once more took to the teaching trade. At the suggestion of a Mr. Power, he afterwards wrote a metrical account of his adventure. In this poem he sets out with a description of his poverty—the manner in which the whole parish contributed to fit him out—the fascination of his landlady and her fair daughter, in Waterford—a storm at sea—sea-sickness of the passengers—a vision in which the queen of the fairies takes him to the realm of departed spirits, where he beholds the shades of Irish warriors, and hears strange political revelations, &c., &c. This mock *Aeneid* contains passages of extraordinary power, and rare flights of humour. MacNamara also produced many political and amatory songs.

The foregoing are the writers from whose works I have chosen some of the pieces in this collection. Contemporary poets, of whose poems I have not availed myself are Eoghan O'Rahilly, a native of Kerry, a man of learning and great natural abilities. The peasantry of the bordering Counties

of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, yet recite his poems, and cherish the memory of his caustic wit and exquisite humour. O'Halloran makes honourable mention of this poet. Denis and Connor O'Sullivan, brothers, authors of many excellent political and amatory songs, were also natives of Kerry. In the same district, at a somewhat later period, lived Fineen O'Scannell, a man of high poetical merit, the author of many poems. Edmund Wall was also a satirical poet of much celebrity in the County of Cork.

The Reverend William English, a friar of the City of Cork, was a poet, highly facetious and satirical. Timothy O'Sullivan usually named *Teige Gaelach*, a native of the County Waterford, was also a poet of great celebrity. His works are numerous, consisting of odes, elegies, political songs, and pastorals. His elegy on the death of Denis MacCarthy, of Ballea, in the County Cork, is a beautiful specimen of this species of composition. In early life his conduct was very irregular, and many of his poems licentious ; but in after time he became sincerely penitent, and devoted his talents to the composition of sacred poems and hymns, many of which have been collected and published under the title of "Timothy O'Sullivan's Pious Miscellany."

In this passing view of the writers of the last century, I have confined myself to those of the South of Ireland alone. Even many of these I

must pass over in silence, and shall close with some account of John Collins, whose genius and learning eminently qualify him to stand among the first of modern writers in Ireland. Collins taught school at Skibbereen, in the County Cork, where he died, in 1816. His poems are held in high estimation ; his best production, or perhaps the best in the modern Irish, being his poem on “Timoleague Abbey.” Collins has given an Irish translation of Campbell’s “Exile of Erin,” which admirably proves, if proof were necessary, the power of the Irish language. None will pronounce this translation in any instance inferior to the celebrated original, while, in many passages, the Irish version rises far superior in harmony of numbers and feeling of expression !

In conclusion, I beg leave to say a word or two respecting the songs in this collection. I have admitted nothing among them calculated, in a moral or political point of view, to give offence. I have also been careful to avoid that error which I already censured in others—namely, the fault of not suiting the measure of the translation to the exact song-tune of the original. The Irish scholar will perceive that I have embodied the meaning and spirit of each Irish stanza within the compass of the same number of lines, each for each ; and that I have also preserved, in many of the songs, the cæsural and demi-cæsural rhymes, the use of which produces such harmonious effect in Irish

verse. I offer these songs to the public as evidence of the poetic spirit of our people. To the reader who cannot peruse the original, I have to say, that the English versions are faithful, and, in most instances, perfectly literal transcripts of the Irish; and that our hills and valleys, and milking bawns, and every cottager's fireside, are vocal with hundreds of songs, which want but the aid of a poet, himself one of the people, speaking their tongue, and familiar with its idioms, to recommend them to public notice in an English dress.

It is fit to state that I have copied into this little work some of the songs which Mr. Hardiman has left untranslated in the "Minstrelsy," and also that I have selected from manuscripts some songs which I subsequently found had been already used by Mr. Hardiman. Some of my versions, however, are different from his.

In consequence of the neglected state of the Irish language during the last two centuries, considerable irregularity has arisen among writers in the use of its orthography. This will be apparent to anyone who considers what the fate of a language must be, which, ceasing to be the vehicle of learned instruction, descends to the use of men unskilled in the rules of composition, and ignorant even of the modes of inflecting nouns, or conjugating verbs. The songs in this collection, I am proud to say, are as free as possible from grammatical error, Mr. Owen Connellan,

Irish Historiographer to their late Majesties, George IV. and William IV., translator of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and author of a "Grammar of the Irish Language," &c., having kindly undertaken to read the Irish throughout, and to correct every apparent error of the text.

E. WALSH.

Dublin, January, 1847.

Edward Walsh was interred in the Mathew Cemetery, Cork, where a Celtic Cross bears the following inscription, in Irish and English:—

EADÓWARD BREATHNAČ,
Aŋ file aȝur aŋ fili ēl̄ionoñac,
D'ēaȝ aŋ tejreað lā do n̄i,
luȝnara m.d.cccl.
Saŋ m̄b̄laðaŋ ceat̄iačač
Aȝur cūiȝ da aoiȝ.
Do t̄óȝbað aŋ Čnor h̄aȝ ro
M̄an̄ leaċt-Čuȝn̄e do le a
Čaŋn̄d̄ib̄ aȝur le luċt
Aȝ a n̄aib̄ m̄oñmeat̄ aŋ.
Ho d̄-tuȝal̄ð D̄ia tuam̄neat̄
Sloŋn̄'uȝde o' a aŋam̄.

EDWARD WALSH,
THE POET AND TRANSLATOR,
Died August 6th, 1850,
Aged 45 Years.

Erected to his Memory

By a few Admirers of the Patriot and the Bard.
God rest his Soul.

The following more correct rendering of the Irish has been furnished to us by a friend:—

EDWARD WALSH;
THE POET AND TRUE IRISHMAN,
Who Died the 6th August, 1850,
In the 45th year of his age.

This Memorial Cross was erected in memory of him by his Friends and by the People, who esteemed him much.
May God give eternal rest to his Soul.

WALSH'S IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

—:o.—

29 Essex Quay, Dublin,
24th March, 1883.

SIR,

From amongst many of Edward Walsh's letters in my possession, I send you four which I have selected for insertion in your new edition of his "Irish Popular Songs."

These letters are most characteristic of the meekness of the poor fellow in the dark hours of his homeless adversity ; in them are to be found traces of the poetic, patriotic, and most tender domestic feeling as well as a spirit of christian resignation and humility under a load of undeserved punishment,

Poor Walsh ! with great talents and goodness of heart, his life-experiences in his own dear Isle were anything but pleasurable.

As you aided him in putting his first edition through the press, I don't wonder at your being so anxious to make this edition an interesting and successful one.

With best wishes for the realization of your hopes in connection with the re-issue of Walsh's " Irish Popular Songs."

Yours,

PATRICK TRAYNOR.

To Mr. Peter Roe.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EDWARD WALSH.

Duke's-row, Summer-hill,
Dublin, January 2nd, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I did not receive your letter till late last night, though left here yesterday morning.

I called at Machen's at 10 to-day. He informed me that the printer did not yet give him your second number, and that many gentlemen called to enquire for it, and seemed disappointed. I called at the residence of a barrister of note in the city—after-

wards one of those fiery spirits who are carrying out the present movement of freedom,—and he told me that he likewise called at Machen's for the songs. He begged of me to leave him my metrical version of the songs to show to his friends. He has a high opinion of my abilities, and says that my aid in giving an elegant translation would be powerful in recommending them to many English readers. He says it would be a good plan to introduce your literal version with the Irish—that is, to give the prose English under the Irish, word for word, without regard to the arrangement—for the use of them who would study the tongue, and they would be many. He says such songs would take well. He has given me some business in the way of writing.

The artist I spoke of informs me that Curry says the last line of the *Creevin Erin* in your song is not belonging to that song at all; and I am clearly of opinion that it does not suit the measure of the other lines. Curry remarks that the two first lines are from a long song, the others are from a Jacobite song, and the last taken from some other song.

I have to say that it strikes me if the songs were got up in a clever way, they would succeed.

You will scarcely be able to read this, which I write in a confounded hurry.

Yours faithfully,
E. WALSH.

P.S.—I have no certain knowledge when I leave town, or whether I go at all—I'll know in a week. The *Creevin Erin* is in the mouth of all the clever fellows here.

23 Duke's-row, Summer-hill,
Dublin, January 5th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I got your letter this morning, and have great pleasure in now replying to that favour.

I called into Machen's at half-past 2 o'clock yesterday, and up to that time the printer did not send him your songs.

I did not go to hear Mr. S——'s lecture at the Rotundo. I did

not know that you were acquainted with him. I now suppose him to be the person of whom we were speaking, and whose brother I knew.

I was in the hope that the board would allow me back to my snug residence at Tourin, but they decided against it yesterday, though Sir R. M—— and the superintendent applied in my behalf. I am grieved that my poor wife and infants will be disturbed in their calm solitude, and sent up here in winter weather—*God pardon the doers of this injustice.* You will say, perhaps that it is the best course for my future advancement. It may be so, but I am not well fitted for the bustle of a town life, and besides, I dread if my health, which is not very robust, should fail—I dread the fate of my family; but I must now bear the charge and pray to God to assist me.

With regard to our projects respecting the songs, I understand you to say that you will bear all the expenses of printing, paper, &c., and after deducting all costs from the sales, you then at the end of six months will equally share the net profits remaining, with me. If this should be so, I am content. I'll engage to give you spirited translations,—talent is my only stock-in-trade, and I'll be no miser of it. In all other respects, Mr. Daly, reckon me as one who would die rather than lie or deceive.

I would wish, when you give the metrical version of the songs, that you gave the name of the translator. Mr. Lane recommends me not to forget this, as it might procure me notice.

That Mr. Curry sent the artist I was speaking of to me last night, to say that he would wish to know me. I am now about to go to him to the Academy, and shall enquire at Machen's about the songs. It still strikes me the last line of the *Creevin* has not the same measure nor number of feet with the other lines. Try, Mr. Daly. I shall with great pleasure try my hand at your songs, Nos. 2 and 3, if you send up the Irish and your literal version. I wish you were here, and then we would pull *harmoniously* together. I am very lonely and sad away from my own beloved wife and children, and cannot well settle down to anything till they come; I have written for them.

Believe me, with all truth, dear Mr. Daly,
Yours very faithfully,

E. WALSH.

23 Duke's-row, Summer-hill,
Dublin, Wednesday, January 10th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I have thrown out no hint of your dealing unfairly by me, but I understood from you both "by word and write," as Burns says, that I was to share half *the profits*. That you meant so if I paid half the expenses as they occurred, I do not now doubt, because you tell me so, but I did not understand it so before. However, I am willing to *sing* for the thing you mention, that is one-third, as I cannot get more unless I contribute to the outlay. Are you satisfied, Mr. Daly?

I am prepared at all times to try my rhyming powers, though the *vis poetica* will not rush forth at my call at all times; however, never ask me if I am prepared, but always send without ceremony; send the Irish and the literal version. What you translated *link* in the *Creevin* I could not for some time understand the meaning of. I've learned it means a "*ringlet of hair*;" you should render it ringlet—it is highly poetical; your translation bore me from the meaning. I have written to Mrs. Walsh, and mentioned you. When she calls (if she travels by that way), provide her some decent safe lodging house to sleep in; she is anxious to see "Edward," and I don't think she will linger on the road. Your civil and kind invitation pleases me, Mr. Daly.

I was greatly pleased with your intention of giving the interlinear version according to my first suggestion. If you gave it without regard to the grammatical order of the English, but word for word in the Irish, it would be of service to my poetic version, by turning the reader from instituting comparisons between your accurate version and my looser one.

I called to-day at Machen's. He tells me the songs are taking right cleverly, but he complains of the manner in which the second number is got up. It is not fit for a street ballad, in type and paper. The letterpress and paper would damn the best work of the day. I told him you were taking it out of the printer's hands altogether, and he seemed pleased. "I bought your first number, and am greatly pleased with its cleverness, and also at its respectable appearance.

I earnestly beg of you, unless you wish to ruin *the Irish*

character of the work, not to print your *Irish* in either the Roman or Italian character.

The old Irish type is the type of their nationality; alter that, and *you destroy it*. These are my own suggestions. I have not spoken yet to anyone on the subject, but shall, perhaps, with Mr. Duffy tomorrow. You will pardon me, and attribute to my present situation the manner in which I send your communication.

I beg to remain yours,

E. WALSH.

P.S.—I am confident Mr. C. G. Duffy will agree with me in saying that the Irish should be done in Irish types.

Richmond Cottages, Summer-hill,
Dublin, March 7th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I trust you will pardon me for not replying earlier to your letters, when I assure you that I have so lengthened my hours of labour, that I scarcely have time to say my prayers, which, as a good Catholic, you are aware I am bound to do at least twice a day. I thank you for the newspaper, which I now return. The notice was good, and a very keen logical critic to whom I showed it, upon reading the song, said it was in every way equal to "Craovin Aowen." I beg you will send me all the papers you may get containing critical notices of our work, and I shall faithfully return them. I took care on Tuesday or Wednesday last (I don't remember which) to write to Mr. Duffy, at Rathmines, mentioning the honourable testimony which the songs elicited from the provincial Press, and your regret and disappointment the *Nation*—the powerful leader of public opinion—should not honour you with a single remark. I accompanied this with a request that he would give us a favourable notice on Saturday's *Nation*. But Mr. Duffy neither gave the requested notice—as you must already have perceived,—nor sent me a private line in answer to my communication. This neglect on Mr. Duffy's part fills me with surprise, and I would assuredly have had a personal interview with him to ascertain the cause, had I time sufficient to visit him. This is an unnatural state of society, where a man having no pre-

tension to literary merit, is so chained down to the galley oar of exertion for what heaven allots to the wild beast of the hill—his “daily bread,”—that he has not only no time to think of God and his glorious kingdom come—to listen to the communing of heaven’s angels with his own immortal spirit,—but cannot spare an hour from his task-time to cross a town or a street upon a common errand of business ! But so it is.

I called at Goodwin’s, but the proof was not ready. They told me that they would forward you one on Saturday, and that I could have another at six o’clock on Saturday night, but the severe storm of that evening blew the memory of Goodwin and Co. and all his proof sheets clean from my *cranium*, as I passed along in the sweeping strife of the elements.

I never perceived my cleverness at entering fully into the true spirit of Irish song till I read D’Alton’s translation. I have many stanzas of the translated songs, evidently improved upon the old bard, and have scarcely ever fell much beneath him in conveying the wrongs and feelings of our race. A portion of this is because I am intimately acquainted with the manners and feelings of the people, and feel, indignantly feel, myself with all a poet’s feeling, the curse and crime of the tyrant. You were scarcely out of town when a friend informed me that you made a very profitable hit by the sale of some Irish works ; this rejoiced me exceedingly, though I would be better pleased to hear it otherwise than at second-hand, but I am delighted to hear it at any hand. You will believe this when, in addition to my own assertion, I assure you that a certain friend of mine who is a deep phrenologist, says, upon an examination of my skull, that I have “Benevolence and Attachment” uncommonly developed.

I expected Owen Roe, my favourite poet, before this. I am impatient to see how his English suit will fit him. Heaven speed the literary taylor.

E. WALSH.

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

ÓAHTAU ÓUȚČASAC NUN H-EJRJONN.

STUAIJRJN NUN M-BACĀLL M-BREAGĀ REJĀ.

I.

Tájó na neulta 'na rearað aji an aeðan,
Um žiliðan a'r an žealað na lítde,
Tá an fállizte tliájste žan bilaon,
'S nýl nejm až an eala man býoð;
Tá an čuaíčin, a m-baþiðaðajb na h-žéuž,
D'á ríor-láð žuri éalajz rí uajn,
A rtúaijín na m-bacall m-breág nejð
D'fáž Eihe ſaoj fadtríri cnuajð!

II.

Tljí hýð do čjódm tliér an h-žrát,
Um peacað, an bář, a'r an pían,
Ažur m'íñtih dá mýri, žac lá ðam,
M'ajzne žuri črát rí le cjač—
A majaždean, do mýll tú a'm lápi mē,
Ažur m' impjde ó'm lápi čúžatra h-jař,
Mo lejzeař ó na raížiðaðajbri a'm lápi.
'S zo b-fažajð tú na žrátra ó Ðhja !

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

THE MAID OF THE FINE FLOWING HAIR.

I.

The sun hath gone down in the sky,
The stars cease their heavenly way,
The tides of the ocean are dry,
The swan on the lake hath no sway ;
The cuckoo but adds to our care,
Who sings from his green, leafy throne,
How the maid of the fine flowing hair
Left Erin in sadness to moan !

II.

Three evils accompany love,
These evils are Sin, Death and Pain—
And well doth each passing hour prove
Thou'st woven around me their chain !
Oh, maiden that woundedst me sore,
Receive this petition from me,
And heal my fierce pain, I implore,
So God yield his mercy to thee !

III.

Jr binné i' ná an béisölínne 'r ná 'n lirít,
 'S na ceileabán na ccéimreac tá cían ;
 Jr dealharde i' ná an réin tneár an n-dhúct,
 'S jr fiont-dear gáe alt ann a cláib ;
 Tá píob mhan an eala aipi an ttájáig,
 'S dónig lom gúp bheagáig i ná'n chían ;
 'S é mo chumhacht géan mhan túig mé ói gnád,
 'S go m-reáinn lom nád b-reisceann i níam !

—:o:—

CÁSÁID AN T-SUÍSÍN.*

I.

Nád é an cat mhanb éar ann na h-áiterteí mé,
 'S a ljaict caillín dear do fágairra mo dhaláig ;
 Táinc me rteac 'r an teac mhanb gnád seal mo
 cléib,
 'S ériu an cailleac amhaic aipi cárach an t-rúisáin
 mé !

* This is said to be the original song composed to that delightful tune, "The Twisting of the Rope." Tradition thus speaks of its origin. A Connaught harper having once put up at the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attentions to the young woman of the house, as greatly displeased her mother, who instantly conceived a plan for the summary ejectment of the minstrel. She provided some hay, and requested the harper to twist the rope which

III.

Her voice doth the viol surpass,
Or blackbird's sweet notes on the tree,
More radiant than dew-sprinkled grass,
In figure and feature she be :
Her neck like the swan's on the wave,
Her eye hath a light like the sun ;
And oh, that my lost heart I gave,
Or saw her who left me undone !

—:o:—

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

I.

What mortal conflict drove me here to roam,
Though many a maid I've left behind at home ;
Forth from the house where dwelt my heart's dear
hope,
I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope !

she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward, till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face, and then threw his harp out of the window. The version sung in the south of Ireland has some additional stanzas, but I give the song as it is found in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. i., where it is left untranslated.

II.

2Há b'fdeanbh tu lhom, b'fde lhom do ló a'f d'fóidé;
 2Há b'fdeanbh tu lhom, b'fde lhom ór comhaili an t-rafadail;
 2Há b'fdeanbh tu lhom, b'fde lhom gac órthlae ac an do chroíde;
 'S é m'a leuit nac lhom tráthnóna tú mair tighaoi!

III.

Ait fíor a Slízeacá círi m'e eolur aijri mo zírád,
 Ait fuaig a n-Teallach d'ól m'e léi mo fáist;
 Dañ b'fis mo b'ra muna léisfíod Óamhra mair a táinm
 Déanfaoi m'e cleas a b'ainfeas r'fubal ar na mnáibh!

—:o:—

FÁINNEADH ZEAL AN LAE.

I.

Mai'dh m'hoí do zábaí amhaí
 Aír b'ruacá locha léin,*
 An ramhraíod ag teacád, 'ran círaobh ne n'air,
 'Zur lochraíod teist ó'n n-gealán,
 Aír tairisíol Óamh t'ne b'ailte-ribrit,
 'Zur bántaí m'hne, riéid,
 Cia zéabai le'm air ac círlionn Óear,
 Le fáinneaíod zeal an lae.

* *Locha Lein, Loch Lene, the Lake of Killarney, in Kerry.*

II.

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,
If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,
If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside—
And oh, that thou wert now my wedded bride !

III.

In Sligo first I did my love behold,
In Galway town I spent with her my gold—
But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,
I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new !

—:o:—

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

I.

At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow—
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
And wide-spread fields I stray,
I meet a maid in the greenwood shade,
At the dawning of the day.

II.

Ní mairb rtocaidh na bhris, cib, ná clóca,
 Áiri mo rtoir ó'n rpeil, —
 Aict folt fionn órda rjor so trions
 Ág fár so bárr an féill ;
 Bhd éalán cinníde te aice 'na glaic,
 'S aill óiliúct ba dear a rgeann,
 Tuis bárr-gean ó bennig dear,
 Le ráithead zeal an lae !

III.

Srdo a n-bhriúdeac rjor le'm aif
 Áiri binnre glas do'n b-fean
 A mhaidh léi bjur dá iarr-deamh so píar
 Mar mhaoi na c'físeann léi
 A dubairit rí hom na bhrí mo chlú
 Sgaoil mé aifí ríubal, a neic,
 Sin iad a n-dear na roille agus teacád
 Le ráithead zeal an lae !

—:o:—

BEAN DUIBH AN GLEASANN.

I.

A bfacat tú nód a n-ccúala tú
 An rtaisipe doib' áille ghaol,
 A' n-gleanta duba, 'r mé a huaighior,
 Táin riajinnior do ló ná d'oilc' —
 Béilín caoimh a n-t-riuaithioir,
 Do bhuairi mé 'r do bheirdaíj mo chroíde ;

II.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore,
But down her waist fell golden hair
That swept the tall grass o'er ;
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms' display,
Outshining far the morning star,
At the dawning of the day !

III.

Beside me sat that maid divine,
Where grassy banks outspread—
“ Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
Dear maid,” I sportive said.
“ False man, for shame, why bring me blame ? ”
She cried, and burst away—
The sun’s first light pursued her flight,
At the dawning of the day !

—:o:—

THE DARK MAID OF THE VALLEY.

I.

Oh, have you seen my fair one,
The brightest maid of beauty’s train,
Who left me thus deplored,
In deep, dark vales, my love-sick pain—
That mild-ey’d, sweet-tongu’d maiden,
Who left a wounded heart to me,

Mo ðeanaíacht féin go buan léi,
Seo d'fí a n-ccuan úd b'f é áit a' m-bjó !

II.

Aitá r'f ré t'sníobhá a b-riúonhá
Do comh reanach 'r do mhala cael,
Ír do b'fhlíne tannd' faoi r'f
Na raoisílinn do ðeanaífaidh b'fneas;
Do chroibh ar g'fle m'héine
Jonna an' r'joda 'r ná cluimh na n-éan,
Aif buairtá crialáidte b'fhlí-ge
Nuairi r'maoilimh aif r'fárláimh léi !

III.

Aif uairi ðeanaícar í, do t'félíz m'f,
Le zéupi r'fearic da z'haoi 'r da r'fod,
A m'fona c'focá z'lézeal,
A deat deat, 'ra t'laorat-folt óifí;
Ba g'fle a t'fearc ná Óileán-dhre*
C'fhi laocheiríad ná Mh'fde aifí r'fodó,
'S ná Blánaid m'héine ná z-claen-porú,
Le aif t'faoisead ná m'fíte t'fearó.†

* It is said that Deirdre was confined, from the period of her birth, in a fort or tower, by Connor, King of Ulster, because a druid had foretold she would cause great calamity in the kingdom. When she grew up to womanhood, Naois, with his two brothers, bore off the beautiful captive to Scotland, when the king of that country, smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, formed a plan to destroy her lover. They were thus forced to flee from Scotland, and Connor, hearing of their distress, allured them over to Ireland, by promises of pardon, where the three brothers were slain by his order. For this deed of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed in the blood of its bravest warriors ! See Keating's "Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 371.

My blessing I bequeath her,
Where'er the gentle maiden be !

II.

Rare artists have engraven
Her slender waist, her beauteous brow,
Her lip with sweetness laden,
That once I thought would truth avow ;
Her hand than down far fairer,
More sleek than silk from India's shore ;
And oh ! in grief I'm pining,
To think I've lost her evermore !

III.

With love my heart was glowing,
When first I spied the lovely fair,
With breast of snowy fairness,
And white teeth, and golden hair—
She shone more bright than Deirdre,
The curse of Meathean chiefs of pride,
Or mild-ey'd beauteous Blanit,
By whom a thousand heroes died !

+ Blanit was daughter of the king of the Isle of Man. When the Red Branch Knights plundered that island, this lady, who, it is said, surpassed in beauty all the women of her time, was adjudged to Curaigh MacDaire. Cuchullin claimed her as his prize, but he was overcome by Curaigh in single combat. Sometime after, Cuchullin with a large body of men, attacked and slew Curaigh in his palace. Blanit then departed with Cuchullin into Ulster. Thither did the bard of Curaigh follow her; and one day finding Connor, Cuchullin, and Blanit at the promontory of Ceann Beara, he instantly clasped her within his arms, as she stood on the edge of a steep rock, and flinging himself downward, they were both instantly dashed to pieces!—See Keating's "History of Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 405; and also, "Transactions of the Gaelic Society."

IV.

U plúr ná m-ban, ná tréig mé
 Uír baetlae le raijt dá rtóir,
 Ían clhú, Ían mear, Ían béalra,
 Acht bleatáracht ní bhrúdean ní zleod;
 Ní bñ do trinntíon tmeacáta
 Brieacha Íaoindelzé órta oisde a n fóidíjal,
 'S do rgnjóbhrúon rdaill ná Féilne,
 Ío léir-ceant, 'r ná njleas móri!

—:o:—

SEORÁD NA N-ÍAUÍNHNAID.

I.

Lá da naibar aipr taoib a ngleannna,
 'S mé aír reoslád ná n-íamhan fá'n bpráraí,
 Caraí oíom tréil-bean maoirtá, mairreanírl,
 Círín, taist, banaíjal, nájreacá;
 D'fiafiajzeair féin don tréil-bean cailce,
 A d-tlocfaí real am páirtíjzeacá,
 'S lé fáinead a n lae bead 'm ariaoi ionair gearrait,
 Aír reoslád ná n-íamhnaid fá'n bpráraí!

II.

Aitá críann cuibhíte a líb ná coille,
 'S tijjom ariaoi zo lá faoi,
 Béilí ceol ná héin dair z-cuir cùm cotla,
 'S drílle ní toriat a fár aipr:
 A tréil-bean mordamhírl ná bjoí oírt mairí,
 'S é cleacádamhí 'n áip ppáirtíde;
 'S aíj meacáid uajm féin drírt aipr mairí,
 Teabhair pós ar bairra mo láih uajm!*

* The literal meaning of this line is: "you will receive a kiss from me from out of the top of my hand." It shows that the custom

IV.

Fair flower of maids, resign not
My faithful heart for senseless boor,
Who rich in worldly treasure,
In all my glorious gifts is poor—
I who, in Autumn evening,
Can bid the Gaelic song resound,
Or sing the olden glory
Of Fenian chiefs and kings renown'd !

—:o:—

LEADING THE CALVES.

I.

One evening mild, in summer weather,
My calves in the wild wood tending,
I saw a maid, in whom together,
All beauty's charms were blending—
“ Permit our flocks to mix,” I said,
“ ‘Tis what a maiden mild would,
And when the shades of night are fled,
We'll lead our calves from the wild wood.”

II.

“ There grows a tree in the wild wood's breast,
We'll stay till morn beneath it,
Where songs of birds invite to rest,
And leaves and flowers enwreath it—
Mild, modest maid, 'tis not amiss ;
'Twas thus we met in childhood ;
To thee at morn my hand I'll kiss,
And lead the calves through the wild wood !”

of kissing hands in salutation has prevailed among the Irish peasantry.

III.

Alz reólað na n-zaithia d'fáð me 'n baile,
 'S ceann ní bfaðat zo lá d'job,
 Aita m'atáin zan céill am ólaij rán m-baile,
 A'ir mo mátaíjín buadairta círáite;
 Seabam cead raoi ó mhaori na coille,
 Feuri do tabairt zo lá d'ob,
 'S le fáinead 'n lae béal Ó m-aiaon 'nári rearan,
 Alz reólað na n-zaithia fá'n b-fáraí.

—:0:—

CORANNAC OÍS.

I.

Táid na coilm ag rúspad, 'r an ramhriat ag teacáit,
 'S an blád ag bhuiread tuijé mullaíc na 3-círan amac,
 Aili toijet tág' bholair zo tuiopallaíc, 3línheac, 3lar,
 'S na coicsoísa ag ríleád le h-ionmat de riuíad na
 m-beac.

II.

Jr ionrda toijta a'r mear aili an 3-coill ro riuair,
 A'ir óis-bean mairreac céart aili t-rean3-cóirr
 riuairic,
 Ceud b6 báinne, capall 3hojde, '3ur náin,
 Coir Laoj* na m-bheac, mo círeac mé aili d'obair
 uaist!

* The River Lee, which rises at Gougane Barra, and dividing as it approaches Cork, washes that city on its north and south sides,

III.

“ With calves I sought the pastures wild ;
They’ve stray’d beyond my keeping—
At home my father calls his child,
And my dear mother’s weeping—
The forester, if here they stray,
Perhaps in friendship mild, would
Permit our stay till the dawn of day,
When we’ll lead our calves from the wild wood.”

—:o:—

CORMAC OGE.

I.

The pigeons coo—the spring’s approaching now,
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough ;
The cresses green o’er streams are clustering low,
And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

II.

Rich are the fruits the hazly woods display—
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay ;
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,
By trout-stor’d Lee whose banks we’ll see no more !

and, again uniting, forms that beautiful estuary, the harbour of Cork. Spenser speaks of

“ The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork with its divided flood.”

III.

Táj涕 な h-éjη 43 d'éanad 5u-ta azur ceojl,
 Táj涕 な laoiž 43 5éimhead 5o t'reuη c'um roðair
 na m-bd;
 Táj涕 な h-éirz 43 neubað corrað aji aη b-fedr,
 Ul m'jri f'éjη 4'm aonar a'r Coimac ðz !

—:o:—

AJR ÍAUR NA 5-CNOC 'S AN JWE 5-CEJN.*
 Seáðan Mac Domhnaill, cct.

I.

Seal do b'jora am m'ajðsiong f'éjη,
 Jf aonar am b'ajntreac ña jte t'reit;
 Tá mo c'ele a t'reabhað na d-tonn 5o t'rean,
 Do b'arli 5a 5-choc 'r aη jme 5-céjη.

C'ri fá.

'Sé mo noða é do t'oðar do'm f'éjη,
 Jf m'ajt aη domh'n 5o d-tabairfriñz é,
 Aji ron a b'ejt aji b'orid a lonz 5an baoðal,
 Do b'arli 5a 5-choc 'r aη jme 5-céjη !

II.

Jf 5o b-felceadra aη lá, a rtóri mo cléj'b,
 2h-béjð 5a clñz da m-búallað, Jf 5a d'ruimajðe
 da léj'r,
 Do 5all t'reomra 43 5ab'ajl 5ac áitrijom r'éjð,
 Do b'arli 5a 5-choc 'r aη jme 5-céjη !

C'ri fá.

'Sé mo noða é do t'oðar, 7c.

* This song is said to be the first Jacobite effort attempted by MacDonnell. If this be so, the prince whose exile he deplores is

III.

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats ;
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,
While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep !

—:o:—

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

I.

Once I bloom'd a maiden young,
A widow's woe now moves my tongue ;
My true love's barque ploughs ocean's spray,
Over the hills and far away.

CHORUS.

Oh ! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
Over the hills and far away !

II.

Oh ! may we yet our lov'd one meet,
With joy-bells' chime and wild drums' beat ;
While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,
Over the hills and far away !
Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

James, the son of the deposed monarch, James II., in whose favour the Scotch revolted in the year 1715.

III.

Ír go b-peisceadra coimíon 4i li r' tóir mo cleib,
 Do t'óigfád ceob agus ghlacann do ghaodáil,
 Tá c. Ríj atá aonra domhain d'á mheál
 Ag úmhlacht d'ó le coimhnaidh Dé.

Céili fa.

'Sé mo rois a é do t'óigfá, 7c.

IV.

Tá rád mo chroisdeire a n-Phúinéar a n-Ré,
 Sé rínd a n-riéalta ghnídean d'fhiúin teag,
 Tári b'fheil iomhán ná ceol ná n-éan,
 Do b'fáil ná g-cnoc 'r a n-imre g-céin,

Céili fa.

'Sé mo rois a é do t'óigfá, 7c.

V.

Séigfearad ríor 4i li chnoc go h-áit,
 Ír g-eabhad ó Homer cleiste am láimh,
 Ma ghealbhim toil go r'fhiúin b'fáit,
 Aili ghealbhamhá r'fhiúlt ír m'fáit mo tárád.

Céili fa.

'Sé mo rois a é do t'óigfá domh féin,
 Ír m'fáit a n-domhain d-tabhairfhiúin é,
 Cúin a b'fáit 4i li b'fáit a lóna ghaobháil,
 Do b'fáil ná g-cnoc 'r a n-imre g-céin !

III.

Oh ! that my hero had his throne,
That Erin's cloud of care were flown,
That proudest prince would own his sway,
 Over the hills and far away !
Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

IV.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,
Our king, our joy, our orient star ;
More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,
 Over the hills and far away !
Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

V.

A high, green hill I'll quickly climb,
And tune my harp to song sublime,
And chant his praise the live-long day,
 Over the hills and far away !

CHORUS.

Oh ! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
 Over the hills and far away !

AULURNJN NA SGRUAJZE BAJNE.*

I.

A m-bajle na h-innef t'ian,
 A ta mo ghlád le bladain,
 Ir áilne i 'na gráin an t-ramhra—
 'S go b-fáraonh mjl 'na díajd,
 Aili loig a cor rán t-rlab,
 Dá fuaime ari uairi taréir na Samhna—
 Do gheabhaonh zan rtaid mo chall,
 Da n-gabhaonh i am lioen,
 Ar círífíonh ari broidh-ro d'iom zan buaistreac.
 Aili cónaíairle muigad muam
 Ní pórfaid acht mo thian,
 Sj Aulurjhna na grúaijze bájne.

II.

Ais díolchead na h-ajbhe mólre,
 Cónaíaircear mo rtóraic,
 Aili fír deair na n-dri-folt b-fáinnheac,
 'S go m-ba mhlre go rada a róis,
 Ná mjl 'r ná ríúcraid aili bórd,
 'S ná deag-blair roðair fion Spáinnheac.
 A rá cíoc cónra círín,
 Bán, mhlir, cumhra, brieád,

* This beautiful song is preserved in Hardiman's "Minstrels," vol. i., but is left there untranslated.

+ Literally, *the Town of the Island*—Ballinahinch, in the County of Galway, where was founded, in 1356, a monastery of Carmelite friars. On a small island in the lake of Ballinahinch are the ruins

BELOVED OF THE FLAXEN TRESSES.

I.

At the *Town of the Isle*, my dear
Abides this long, long year,
Than the summer sun more brightly shining ;
Where'er her footsteps go,
Fair honey-flowers will grow,
Even though 'twere winter's dark declining !
If to my net she sped,
'Twould ease my heart and head,
Where cruel love his burning brand impresses ;
For all that living be,
I'll choose no mate but thee,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

II.

At the bridge of the Avonmore,
I saw my bosom's store,
The maiden of the ringlets yellow—
More sweet her kisses be
Than honey from the tree,
Or festive Spanish wine, of flavour mellow !
Her bosom, globes of white,
Sweet, fragrant, perfect, bright,

of a castle erected in the time of Elizabeth. A river runs from the lake into Roundstone Bay.

† The Owenmore, a river of the County Mayo, flowing into Blacksod Bay.

Maři ḫneac̄ta b̄iat dá cárnað aij ḫléib̄tib̄ ;
 'S zo n-ȝolpean̄ aŋ cuað ȝac̄ aŋ,
 A lári aŋ ȝelíj̄uð t̄all,
 'S a m̄-baile m̄-býðeaŋ̄ mo ȝniáð d'á b̄leaz̄að.

III.

Dá b̄-fáðaj̄uŋ̄-re mo ȝoða
 De m̄háib̄ ðeara aŋ doihaj̄,
 Ažur fáðaj̄uŋ̄ ořit̄a ȝoðaj̄uŋ̄ ḫárt̄a,
 'S n̄eři, maři a deři na leab̄aj̄i,
 Ta'ñ c̄laeň aic̄i ñr a ȝ-c̄loŋ̄,
 'S táj̄o ná ceut̄a ſeap̄ zo d̄ub̄ac̄ a n-ȝniáð lé.
 'S é ram̄aj̄l-reo do m̄olað
 Leři aŋ ȝ-c̄euð ȝíž Solaij̄,
 'S ñr aic̄i zo tá aŋ ȝorc̄ ñr álne ;
 Réiðiž̄i mo ðoč̄ar,
 'Zur ſaen̄ m̄é o bář oban̄,
 A ȝiřiŋ̄iŋ̄ na ȝnúaj̄e báj̄e.

—:0:—

AN ROS ȝeal DUBH.*

I.

Jr ſada aŋ n̄eři dō t̄už me ſém
 O'ñdē zo n̄iú,
 Aŋ jomall ſléib̄ aŋr̄iž̄, zo h-ȝneal̄ta, éad̄t̄lom̄,
 Maři a b̄eolac̄ l̄om̄,

* *Rós geal dubh, the white-skinned, black-haired Rose*, is one of those allegorical, political songs, so common in Ireland. The poet sings of his country under the similitude of a distressed maiden, to whom he is ardently attached. In the allusions to the Pope and clergy, we behold the hopes of obtaining assistance from the Catholic

Like drifted snow the mountain's breast that presses—
The cuckoo's notes resound,
In winter, where thou'rt found,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

III.

Oh ! if the boon were mine,
From beauty's ranks divine,
To choose for aye the fairest maiden,
'Twere her to whom sweet lays
Consign the palm of praise,
For whom a thousand hearts with love are laden.
Such maid did once inspire
The Hebrew monarch's lyre ;
But, oh ! thine eye more dignity expresses—
Relieve my woe, I crave ;
Oh ! snatch me from the grave,
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

—:o:—

ROS GEAL DUBH.

I.

A long, long way since yesterday
I wildly sped,
O'er mountain steep and valley deep,
With airy tread ;

powers of Europe. The concluding stanza vividly shews the bloody struggle that would take place ere Rose, his beloved Ireland, would be yielded to the foe. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy" has a different form of this song, but this is the popular version in the south, and is said to be as old as the time of Elizabeth.

Loč Eilme zo lēimfri,
 Cé zuil mór i agh mhrí,
 Tá agh am ójaiò mári zhile zpémhe
 Acléat mo Róir zeal dub!

II.

Zo d-tí' aghac má téigean tū
 A díol do rtauic,
 Ma téigean tū, ná fach déaghnac
 'S agh oíðce aithí;
 Bjoò boltais ò aji do òollire,
 Ir mór zlair-cip,
 Nó ar baozal dñit agh Cléimheac
 Do'n Róir zeal dub!

III.

A Róirín na bjoò bhrón oírt,
 Na cár ahoír,
 Tá do páirtúin ón Róirín
 Ir òn pára agum,
 Tá na bhláitíe teacét tár rájle,
 Ir a d-tíall tár mhrí,
 Ir ní ceilífean fion Spáimeac aji
 Mo Róir zeal dub!

IV.

Tá zpád agham am lári órít
 Le bhláthair ahoír,
 Zpád cíláite, zpád carthair,
 Zpád cíopatra,

Loch Earne's tide, though its wave be wide,
I'd leap above,
Were my guiding light that sunburst bright,
The *Rós geal dubh* !

II.

If to the fair you would repair
To sell your flocks,
I pray secure your every door
With bolts and locks ;
Nor linger late from the guarded gate,
When abroad you rove,
Or the clerk will play through the live-long day,
With *Rós geal dubh* !

III.

My dearest Rose, why should these woes
Dishearten thee ?
The Pope of Rome hath sent thee home
A pardon free—
A priestly train, o'er the briny main,
Shall greet my love,
And wine of Spain to thy health we'll drain,
My *Rós geal dubh* !

IV.

My love sincere is centred here
This year and more—
Love sadly vexing, love perplexing,
Love painful, sore,

Órláid ó fáid mé gan ríláintea,
 Gan ríjan, gan riht,
 Ir zo bhrat, bhrat gan aon fáill agam
 Aili Róir éeal duib !

V.

Do trúbaflamhári an Mumhan leat,
 Ir cinníar na g-cnoc,
 Mar tréil zo b-faigheann nún oilt
 No páirt le cionn ;
 An cláobh cinnitá, tuigtear tréinne,
 Zo b-fhl Órláid agus tam ;
 Ir gur b'í plúr-ízort na m-ban mhínte,
 Mo Róir éeal duib !

VI.

Béjó an fáraise na trílte deainga,
 Ir an tréip na fíil,
 Béjó an raoisal na cosá craoibh,
 Do trírinn na g-cnoc,
 Béjó gac gleann ríléibh aír fuid Eireann,
 An t-mhónite aír cíjt,
 Lá éigim rul a n-éagaird
 Mo Róir éeal duib !

Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour,
 Thrice hopeless love,
While fate doth sever me ever, ever,
 From *Ros geal dubh* !

v.

Within thy heart could I claim a part,
 One secret share—
We'd shape our flight, o'er the wild hills' height,
 Towards Munster fair ;
Branch of beauty's tree, it seems to me
 I have thy love—
And the mildest flower of hall or bower,
 Is *Ros geal dubh* !

vi.

The sea outspread shall be raging red,
 All blood the skies—
And crimson war shall shout afar
 Where the wild hills rise—
Each mountain glen and mossy fen,
 In fear shall move,
Some future day, ere thou pass away,
 My *Ros geal dubh* !

BAN-CHNOJC EIREAN OG.*

I.

Ir fáiltear 't fáiltéac aí áit do bheirt a n-éigiligh,
Uileacán dubh O !
Mai a m-bíðearaí toraidh na ríláiníte a m báili na
déirí aínn,
Uileacán dubh O !
Bíðearaí aí mhlíl aírlí aí 3-craínaí aí, a n-3leacáintais
ceoird,
'S na rímuadaír aí a t-rafairí aínn, a 3-craínaír 3aí
nóid,
Bíðearaí nírge 'n a rínhill aínn, a' r dñúct aí nóní,
Aírlí báhn-échoic Eirean og !

II.

Ir bacallaí, buacaí, dualac dñéimheací,
Uileacán dubh O !
3aíc fáiltear a 3lúajrearr ó címaontaíb na h-Eireanach,
Uileacán dubh O !
Raéradra aírlí cuailí, má'r buan mo 3aozal
béidear,
3o talamh aí t-3lúajrearr mai aí dual do 3aozal
bheirt,
Do b'fearaír lom 'ná buri n-dualzair 3iò mór le
mhnídeanach bheirt,
Aírlí báhn-échoic Eirean og !

* *Ban-chnoic Eirean ógh*, literally *the fair Hills of Virgin Ireland*. This song speaks the ardent love of the Irish exile for

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE OGH.

I.

Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O !
With life-giving grain in the golden corn therein,
Uileacán dubh O !
And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,
And in the summer by the paths the bright streams
leap,
At burning noon, rich, sparkling dew the fair flowers
steep,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh !

II.

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,
Uileacán dubh O !
Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O !
Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,
I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling,
Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwel-
ling,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh !

his native land. It is said to have been written by an Irish student in one of the colleges of France.

III.

Ír tairbheac 'r ír mór iad cnuacá ná h-Eirean,
 Uileacán dubh O !

Bíðeaigh an t-ím a'f an tullaethair agus gluajreacht
 'na rlaod aon,

Uileacán dubh O !

Bíðeaigh an bhollaig aill an t-toimhí aon a'f ramharó
 boz rózajl,

A'f ná cuaca agus labairt aon ó ló go ló,
 'S an ríomhlíon uafar ír fuaime-bhíne ceol,

Aill báh-échoic Eirean ó!

—:o:—

UAIIL CUAMHAIJÓ AN MHAINTAIRE SUÍSAIJC.*

I.

A Óalta óil an taimid leat mo éair aonair,

Ain éarla agus an Easlaír gan fárt aill bhit,

Ain aicmeo seo ní glacairt me acáit am fázanaihe,

'S ní ńabaird lom am Phioteranta 'na'm Phápaíhe !

II.

Deirí peairra'ca gúil ceairiamhaí neamh-gháitreach
 mhe,

'S cé go n-aonáin gúil Ságranaíc da láthairi mhe,

* Andrew Magrath, commonly called the *Mangaire Sugach*, or *Jolly Merchant*, having been expelled from the Roman Catholic Church for his licentious life, offered himself as a convert to the

III.

Gainful and large are the corn-stacks of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O !

Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein
Uileacán dubh O !

And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray,
And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,
And the little thrush so noble of sweetest-sounding
lay,

On the fair hills of Eire ogh !

—:o:—

LAMENT OF THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

I.

Beloved ! do you pity not my doleful case—
Pursu'd by priest and minister in dire disgrace ;
The Churchmen brand the vagabond upon my brow,
O ! they'll take me not as Protestant or Papist now !

II.

The parson calls me wanderer and homeless knave—
And though I boast the Saxon creed with aspect
grave,

doctrines of Protestantism ; but the Protestant clergyman having also refused to accept him, the unfortunate *Mangaire* gave vent to his feelings in this lament.

Deirl 'n náilí róganam leír suní aí Uífliúin i'z gnáit
 jde m'é,
 'S ná c' ceacádair rím me, Phioterantaí na Pápaíle!

III.

Dearbhán zan déalmhaid ná c' fhláinn leír m'é,
 Do chaita noír le h-aictéana do láthair, ceilit
 Zó náca lhom éum acaillainn zan rpár aili bjt,
 'S zo z-caitífead bejt am Phioterantaí no am
 Phápaíle!

IV.

Ah Saigart deirl suní feanáilie neamh-áthair ac m'é,
 'S zo d-tarlaingír le manzairneacád ná mná éum
 níl;

Zur meára m'é ná rógaíle ata le bhoird,
 'S ná c' gábhair lhom am Phioterantaí na 'm Phá-
 paíle!

V.

A deirl dá fíneagair a ós suní eacádrianaí zan náilie m'é,
 'S ná c' tajtúiomhaíc mo bhealta ná mo caille leír;
 Ná c' aitpleacá m'e aít nícaillie ata zan rtuir,
 A cleacádar bejt am Phioterantaí 'r am Phápaíle!

VI.

Ní cairteanaíd fá deara ós ná gnáin do fult,
 Mo bhealtra do tágair do láthair Sgoir,
 Ní meártá ós mo mhárlara a z-cáir aili bjt,
 Beaca rím me Phioterantaí nó Phápaíle!

He says that claim my Popish face must disallow,
Although I'm neither Protestant nor Papist now !

III.

He swears (and oh ! he'll keep his oath) he's firmly
bent

To hunt me down by penal Acts of Parliament ;
Before the law's coercive might to make me bow,
And choose between the Protestant and Papist
now !

IV.

The priest me deems a satirist of luckless lay,
Whose merchant-craft hath often led fair maid们
astray ;

And worse than hunted fugitive all disavow,
He'll take me not a Protestant or Papist now !

V.

That further, I'm a foreigner devoid of shame,
Of hateful, vile, licentious life, and evil name ;
A ranting, rhyming wanderer, without a cow,
Who now is deem'd a Protestant—a Papist now !

VI.

Alas ! it was not charity or Christian grace
That urged to drag my deeds before the Scotic race—
What boots it him to write reproach upon my brow,
Whether they deem me Protestant or Papist now ?

VII.

Cá fada do b'í Mhaighdean, ír Pháibí an Rí,
 Ailli meaṁabhall, ír Pól abrtal c'hi ná táin̄te a
 n̄-brioiò,
 Do ȝlacað iad nuailli c'aradañ a ȝ-cáil rám ȝ-cion,
 Ír ceacðari d'hoibh n̄jor Prottertant na Pháipie!

VIII.

Oír fearaç mē ailli deaṁmað ȝan fájé ȝan fior,
 Ír ȝuilli fada me ailli meaṁabhall ȝan áit ailli b'í,
 Caiṭfioð cuill le h-aṭaiaç ná o-táin̄te rinn,
 Do ȝabar lhom am Phioterstant no'm Pháipie!

IX.

A ðalta ðil, cá naċatṛa cūm fájai n̄oij,
 O caṭað mē ar an Eazlair 'rzo o-tápli 'n̄ið;
 Caiṭfead ȝeit am Čálb̄iññt no'm Aillian ojlc,
 O ȝazar ȝeit am Phioterstant no'm Pháipie!

Añ Ceannzal.

Féac an t'abrtal Peataipi do peacajò fá tlii ailli
 o-tríj,
 Aȝ rēanhað a c̄apajò ȝuill ȝlacað ariñr zo h-úimhal;
 'Sa Ph̄ia ðil aċċejñi ce ȝazar le tlíjé ná n-úrrid,
 Mañ aon le Peataipi an Mhañzajie ȝzaorl ad-ðún!

VII.

Lo ! David, Israel's poet-king and Magdaléne,
And Paul, who of the Christian creed the foe had
been—
Did Heaven, when sorrow fill'd their heart, reject their
vow,
Though they were neither Protestant nor Papist now ?

VIII.

O ! since I weep my wretched heart to evil prone,
A wanderer in the paths of sin, all lost and lone—
At other shrines with other flocks I fain must bow,
Who'll take me, whether Protestant or Papist now !

IX.

Beloved ! whither can I flee for peace at last,
When thus beyond the Church's pale I'm rudely cast ?
The Arian creed or Calvinist I must avow,
When sever'd from the Protestant and Papist now !

THE SUMMING-UP.

See Peter th' Apostle, whose lapses from grace were
three,
Denying the Saviour, was granted a pardon free—
O God ! though the *Mangairé* from him thy mild laws
east,
Receive him, like Peter, to dwell in THY HOUSE at
last !

CUPÁN UI H-EAΓ̄RA.*

Ceapállán níos cár.

I.

Da m-béjónnári amháic a h-Uíraí
 Nó a h-úarí Tleanáin-ná-féind
 Maír a h-glúairreann gáé ráip-loná
 Le cláirnead a'í le méad
 B'fearán lhom é maír ráramh
 Aízur fájaim é Óamh fén
 Cupán zeal Uí Eágra
 Aízur fájail láí le mo bheul!

II.

Cao é b'áill lhom 's a chui a g-céil
 'S a hacáit áisí maist 'n a dteis,
 Ir gúr b'é deih olltáiní na h-áite
 Daír mo láimhra ní bhléuise—
 Tóiridéalbajc Bhláin aghairjal
 Táin tirlat fa mo déin
 So h-ólfham ar an t-ráip-cupán
 Sláinte bhléád Céin.

* *Cupán ui Eaghra*, the Cup of O'Hara. This is one of the celebrated Carolan's songs, and was composed by the harper to celebrate the hospitality of Kean O'Hara, a gentleman of ancient family in the County Sligo.

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

I.

Were I over in Arran,
Or wild Glan-na-Séud,
Where tall barks of swiftness
Bear claret and mead ;
'Twere joy to my bosom,
In gladness to sip
O'Hara's bright wine-cup,
Fill'd high to my lip !

II.

Why praise what is sought for
By old man and youth,
While the doctors and sages
(By this hand I am sooth)
Cry, Turlogh, sweet harper,
Come timely to drain
That costly, tall wine-cup,
To the health of brave Kean !

AN RAIBH TU AIDH AN CARRAIG? *

I.

An rai'b tú aidh an Carrraig, nō b-faca tú féin mo
éigíad,

Nó a b-faca tú gile, fionn, agus róimh na mha,

Nó a b-faca tú a h-uabhal ba cúbairta ír ba mhillte
bláit,

Nó a b-faca tú mo balaingtine nō a b-fhíl rí d'a
claojó tóir taim?

II.

Do b'fhor a idh a h-Carrraig, ír do chonairic mé féin
do éigíad,

Do chonairic mé gile, fionn, agus róimh na mha,

Do chonairic mé a h-uabhal ba cúbairta ír ba mhillte
bláit,

Do chonairic mé do balaingtine agus ní'l rí d'a claojó
tóir taim!

III.

Ír fín cérí ghearr gáidh leibhéal, do ghruaig tóir ór,

Ír fín oibreád eile a chuid-eacsta úairi rai'b ló;

A cíulín triomh truipliúc a tréitíl léi ríor zo feoillí

'Sá énaicéin na fionn, ari mhillte do fhláin te d'ól?

* This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick, such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, &c., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not love-sick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a

HAVE YOU BEEN AT GARRICK ?

I.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there?

And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair?

Saw you the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree?—

O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief like me?

II.

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;

And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;

And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—

I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!

III.

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden hair—

Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to share,

These tresses thick-clustering and curling around her brow—

O, Ringlet of Fairness! I'll drink to thy beauty now!

glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego the sex for ever; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid with such a welcome as an Irish lover alone can give!

IV.

'N úají b'jm-re am coðla b'jañ ornað ȝan b'líð am
clíab,

Jr mē am lñd eadair cnoçairb ȝo d-tiȝjò aη ðúac
anjári;

U nññ d'ol r'a ñozairi hí'l fonaðat mo cñr ac̄t Ðja,
Jr ȝo ñ-deairiað loc folá do fóluñ mo f'r'l ad ðiajò!

V.

Jr ȝo d-tiȝjò aη cálrȝ aji lári aη fózimairi b'rðe,

Jr lá f'el Pátrñz lá nñ d'ol na ðiajȝ,

ȝo b'-fára aη blát bán tñe lári mo cónhra c̄aol,
Pájlit d' ȝiláð ȝo bñat hí t'abairfæd do nññaoj !

VI.

Sñúð i r'jor aη Rjož-bean álkññ óð,

U b'f'el a ȝiláð léi r'zaojlté r'jor ȝo béal a bñð,

S i aη eala i mair aη lítij do r'jolnaiȝ ñi t'-r'li f'el
ñjðri,

Cárlað ȝeal mo cñrojðe, céad m'le fájlte ñonjat !

IV.

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with
sighs—

I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise ;
No aid, bright Beloved ! can reach me save God above,
For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with
love !

V.

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall
grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow !

VI.

Lo ! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee !

NORA AN ČUJL ONURA.

I.

Ul Nóra a n-éhl ómhra,
 'Sé mo bhrónra nácl b-ferdaim
 Láim do éri faoi 'd éanng-ra,
 Nó a m-briollaí do léiné;
 Ír tú d-fág mo éanng-ra
 Táin énra aip bjt céille,
 Ar go n-éaloscáim tair toin leat,
 Ul hín-riearc dá b-ferdaim !

II.

Ul báill iñtinn éijoíde rtiú,
 Ná déanra lomh bhréag,
 Ar gur zeall tú mo phróis
 Táin feoijlighn 'r a n-p-raojál;
 Síubailfínnre aip a n-úmúid leat,
 Ar ní bhréigínn leat a n-ferri;
 Ar a Nóra a n-éhl ómhra,
 Ír dear a phosfraim do bherl !

III.

Taoib tall de'n Mhíuaist
 Tá rtóni zeal mo éijoíde
 Ul críl tluíz mair a n-t-omair
 Lé 'n éajll mne mo zhaoil
 Táinig-ri Ríz a n-domhnaic
 Go d-tionghaoiže a n-zaot,
 Ar go b-fercise mne mo bðlaic
 Ul zábaíl bðistre Bajle-áit bríde.

AMBER-HAIR'D NORA.

I.

O ! amber-hair'd Nora,
That thy fair head could rest
On the arm that would shelter
Or circle thy breast !
Thou hast stolen all my brain, love,
And then left me lone—
Though I'd cross o'er the main, love,
To call thee mine own !

II.

Why, maid of my bosom,
Should falsehood be thine ?
Thou hast promis'd to wed me,
Though wealth were not mine ;
The dew-sprinkled grass, love,
Scarce feels my light feet,
And, amber-hair'd Nora,
My kisses are sweet !

III.

My fair one is dwelling
By Moy's lovely vale—
Her rich locks of amber
Have left my cheek pale—
May the king of the Sabbath
Yet grant me to see
My herds in the green lanes
Of fair Baile-ath-Buidhe !

A N B H R U I N N E A U L L A N H E J R B H.

I.

Maithidh c'eoibhac' uairi d'éigheas,
 Ír éuadair amach fá'n g-coill ólar,
 Ír aon do bhuail an tmeajdúth m'
 Na c' leisgírfean, fárlaoi;
 Do éuala an bhriathairall m'ejdeas,
 A línib' na coille d'fhoigheas,
 Do phreab mo chloiste le gheanáin d',
 Suír d'fheasann dám j!

II.

'N uairi gábhaimre amach na bánta,
 Aisneach c'fóimre uairi mo ghlád zeal,
 A d'fheasach mian nór a n-gáillidh,
 Ír bláth zeal na n-riball,
 Ír bheagána j na Venus
 Aon tan d'fáid rí an tneanáin;
 A d'á eiseach gheanáin,
 'S aig éadrom a ríúbal!

III.

'Sé do ghládara claoiðis m'
 'S ír mairi áit a m-bhéasán ré!
 C'fhean ré a nriamhail do dh'faoisal ro,
 Aon échoið do ghlád an ghlád,
 Ír fada òairi d'á fóigheasán,
 Aic' caidhfead feartas é iñrinn,
 Suír 'b' do ghládara m'heall m',
 Na c' b-faoisí m' go bhláth!

THE GRACEFUL MAIDEN.

I.

One morn when mists did hover
The green-wood's foliage over,
'Twas then I did discover

How painful love may be ;
A maid, 'mid shades concealing,
Pour'd forth her voice of feeling,
And love came o'er me stealing,
She's a dear maid to me !

II.

When through the valleys roaming,
I see my bright love coming,
Like garden-rose all blooming,

Or flower of the apple-tree ;
Bright Venus she's excelling
Fresh from her ocean-dwelling,
Her soft, round bosom swelling,
Her foot-falls light and free.

III.

" Thy love hath left me dying ;
The heart where love is lying
Will find what torment trying

Round ruin'd hopes may twine ;
And long I've borne the token,
But now it must be spoken,
How thou my heart hast broken,
Who never canst be mine !"

IV.

Ul Óig-fírlí áig, do m-féidírlí
 So m' fírlílné do rígéalra,
 Do leisírlílné féin ó'n b-péin tú,
 Da m-béidírlí lomh a riún;
 Tá mo éairíad airí gacá taoibh ójom,
 Ar coimhíad amhaí ní féadair,
 Ác círíodh cuimhneart zeuri oifí
 Ca d-téigímlre cùm tigríbail.

V.

Aistílir doibh, a rpéilí bhean,
 So naofaírlí real ag aerírígéadán,
 So b-fírlí tú trídriúac tigéist-laí,
 Ar d'fhiúrlí so dubaí;
 Teabhaird trí mire, aon aonair,
 A línibh na coille claoibhíse;
 Ar so deimhín mha d'éanairi bhléas lomh,
 Ar taoil oifí mo chéir!

VI.

Ar ionadh a zeallamhín bhléisce,
 Do tuis tú mian ó d' béal dám,
 Fad bheití gríasan air aedáin,
 Aigur feuri glar a fár;
 So d-treabharcaí caoile ne maola,
 Airí círl a g-cínn, na rleibte,
 Naíc n-déanfarad m' aistílúíad céile,
 Ar feac ahoiř mair tá!

IV.

“ O ! thou of misery telling,
If truth thy tongue’s impelling,
I’d ease the pain that’s quelling
 Thy life, were mine the cure.
But watchful friends surround me,
With promise strict they’ve bound me,
And if they wandering found me,
 What ills might I endure !”

V.

“ Tell them, O , light-limb’d maiden,
Thy bloom with grief is fading—
Where groves are foliage-laden,
 Thou’lt stray all lonely :
I’ll for thy coming pine, love,
Where the dark wood’s boughs entwine, love,
And O ! what guilt is thine, love,
 If false thou be to me !”

VI.

“ Alas ! how oft thou’st riven
The vow thy lips had given,
While shone the light of heaven,
 Or verdure deck’d the plain,
Till sheep, each silly rover,
Would plough the mountains over,
Thou wouldest be my true lover—
 But lo ! the hope is vain !”

VII.

Gléarffajd m' le long reoltairde,
 Ar na críajd m' go Flanndúir,
 A meairg na d-tíoraita gallta,
 Ar na díajd i nraijsead do Spáinn—
 A mhairisdean mhairis, mhodhárlaist,
 Ní fíllfis m' híor m' oir,
 Bjod do rois a fean robhda 4340,
 Do nómhárlaist d'hit a n báin!

—:o:—

DUAUN AN BHADÓRA.*

I.

A báin b' ahanj tr' a h-añacairi na d-toihialaist
 n-ári,
 Cáirz coibhítaist zjò buid bailearista tliom é a n lá,
 Tírát larajd a n fáilis ó b'onn go háin,
 Lán coslinn dí hí zában ó r'fhlil go cianach!

Céili fa.

A báin a láin, a báin a láin,
 A zíráist na piúin, a céid de' n t-riaoisal,
 A láin—'rj a n báid bheasáid feoil!

* *Duan an Bhadóra, the Boatman's Song.* I have copied this spirited sea-song from the second volume of Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," where it is left untranslated. Mr. Hardiman says

VII.

“And now, with white sails flowing,
To Flanders I’ll be going;
I’ll seek the vineyards growing
 In distant Gaul and Spain—
Proud maid, no more I’ll woo thee,
No more with love pursue thee;
Another mate may sue thee,
 And plough for thee the plain !”

—:o:—

THE BOAT SONG.

I.

Bark, scorning every peril of the angry spray,
Safe shelter mid the terrors of the storm compass’d way;
When yawning billows redly roll from ocean’s cave,
From stern unto quivering mast she ships no wave!

CHORUS.

A flowing tide, a flowing tide,
My secret love, my worldly store,
Flowing—my brave sailing boat!

that this marine ode is “well known along many parts of the Irish coast, but particularly the west.” A translation of this and other Irish songs, by Mr. (now Sir) Samuel Ferguson, will be found in the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1834.

II.

Tnáit sléarfaí ré a h-éatacáid zan fíarí zan cám,
 De'n z-cael anairt sléazeil ó ná h-Jhóstaíca anall,
 Cael-bairc reanais ríosanáda ag ari círí Ógá an
 gheanáin,
 Ar dá b-feliceá anasúairí ari lae i'r í ag éilíseadó
 ar zan !

A bári a láin, 7c.

III.

A Daoilean,* a cíorúcháin zanbó zan rízát,
 Aili ari nuað-bairc-ro fúm-ra brieatnus do tráit,
 Aili círúcháin leat, 'r ari z-cuan-ro, zo b-faca trí bád
 Zan cónthaírt tonn-bairra zearraíadó marí táim !

A bári a láin, 7c.

IV.

Ail círúcháin lomh, a dubairt Daoilean zuri capraíais
 mhe do zíráit,
 'S zuri ab' aili ari z-cuan ro if brian dám ag amharc
 zac lá,
 Ail clínteois ní tábairfain aili a b-facaif de báid
 Seac ari nuað-bairc a'ra complacéit ag tairraíais 'r
 ari tráim !

A bári a láin, 7c.

* * * * *

* *Daoilean*, a rock off Blacksod Bay.

II.

When draperied in her glorious trim of stainless dye,
The snow-white sails of canvas bleach'd 'neath India's
sky,

Saw you her arrowy figure cleave the ocean vast,
God's favourite mounting on the wave before the
blast !

A flowing tide, &c.

III.

O, Dielion, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark,
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding
bark,

And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,
Wave-mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine to-
day !

A flowing tide, &c.

IV.

Then answer'd ancient Dielion thus—" long ages o'er,
I've look'd abroad upon the bay that girds the
shore—

But look'd in vain for boat or bark so swift and
brave

As thine and all its gallant crew, to stem the wave!"

A flowing tide, &c.



v.

Ul a-tairi na n-drl, tabairi drínn-he dídean na
tráisce,
Tabairi do comairice rríd j a n-jor an bád,
Tíre ñarib tóinntaib foibadac fá éjoéirat gnáit,
Ul tui na m-bairiúajd do éimhacét 3aibán rrí trí mo
láin !*

Ul báir a láin, 7c.

—:o:—

SLÁN LE MAIJ5.†

Ah Maingaire Sízaic, 7c.

I.

Slán a'r céad ón t-taoibh ro uaim,
Coir Málse na 3-caoir, na 3-craobh, na 3-cruaíc,
Na rtáid, na reud na raoir, na rluas,.
Na n-dáin, na n-drieadct, na d-tréan 3an 3nuaim!

Oc oc ón ! rr bheoijte mire,

3an éid, 3an éibh, 3an éibh, 3an éirte,

3an rult, 3an reod, 3an róbh, 3an rphionnaid

O reolaid mē éum uaijney!

II.

Slán zo h-éag dā raoir-fír rnaimic,
Dá táinib dā cléib, dā h-éigír' dā rnaid,

* There is a want of strict connection between this stanza and the preceding one. The intervening passages necessary to the sense seem to have been lost.

V.

FATHER OF NATURE ! how that boat comes dashing down,
Impetuous where the foamy surges darkly frown—
O ! may THY mercy yield us now the sheltering shore,
Or yonder terror-stricken bark shall whelm us o'er !
A flowing tide, &c.

—:o:—

FAREWELL TO THE MAIG.

I.

A long farewell I send to thee,
Fair Maig of corn and fruit and tree,
Of state and gift, and gathering grand,
Of song, romance, and chieftain bland.

Uch, och ón ! dark fortune's rigour—
Wealth, title, tribe of glorious figure,
Feast, gift—all gone, and gone my vigour,
Since thus I wander lonely !

II.

Farewell for aye to the hearts I prize,
The poets, priests, and sages wise,

+ The River Maig, in the County Limerick.

Domh éáiltíde cléib, 3an élaon, 3an éluajn,
 3an éáim, 3an éaon, 3an éraor 3an érúar!
 Océ oce ñ, 7c.

III.

Slán da éirí dá béisíte uajn,
 Da mháib 3o léiri, da ríseil, da ríuaad,
 Dá 3-cáil, da 3-céil, da 3-caon, da 3-cuaillid,
 Da b-priáig, da b-pléid, da méis, da m-buaad!
 Océ oce ñ, 7c.

IV.

Slán tair aon doñ té tarí dual,
 An báin-énnír béaltaír, buaadac,
 Críri tráit éum ríleib a 3cén a m-ruairí,
 Sí 3riád mo cléib bi néljinn éuaid!
 Océ oce ñ, 7c.

V.

Iñ rafhnaac raoen mée, iñ ríaoeimair, ruair,
 Iñ tainglaiz, tneit, 'r iñ taomhaac, tluad,
 A m-bairi añ trléib 3an aon, moíuaí!
 Am páirit acet ríaoe a'ñ 3aoe a d-tuaid!
 Océ oce ñ, 7c.

VI.

Doñ t-priáid 'ñ uairi t-éigim tair aon aijr cuaírit,
 Nj h-ájl leó mée, a'ñ nj neigid leamh clúajn,
 Bjó mhá le céile 43 pléid da luad,
 Ca h-áit? ca h-é? é taoib ari 3luair?
 Océ oce ñ, 7c.

And bosom friends, whose boards display
Fair temperance blent with plenty gay !
Uch, och ón, &c.

III.

Farewell to the maids my memories bless,
To all the fair, to their comeliness,
Their sense, their fame, their mildness rare,
Their groups, their wit, their virtue fair !

Uch, och ón, &c.

IV.

Farewell to her to whom 'tis due,
The Fair-skin, gentle, mild-lipp'd, true,
For whom exil'd o'er the hills I go,
My heart's dear love, whate'er my woe !

Uch, och ón, &c.

V.

Cold, homeless, worn, forsaken, lone,
Sick, languid, faint, all comfort flown,
On the wild hill's height I'm hopeless cast,
To wail to the heath and the northern blast !

Uch, och ón, &c.

VI.

If through the crowded town I press,
Their mirth disturbs my loneliness ;
And female groups will whisper—see !
Whence comes yon stranger ?—who is he ?

Uch, och ón, &c.

VII.

Domh cáilidh a m' iáon, zan t-eacáit i f-thuaodh,
 A'f m' e am ériád ag an t-rafadál a n-zeibh 'ra n-ghualair,
 Le páistí a b-peig a zcélí aíl cuaillit
 Zan ábaéct, zan róiléir, zan róeil d'na luaodh !
 Océ oé ón, 7c.

VIII.

O dail an cléili òamh céile tuaodh,
 Coir Mháise zo h-eus nj h-é mo chuaillit,
 Zo bhláit leamh nae 'táimh n-éidh leamh chuaic,
 Le mhnáibh an t-rafadál ériú m' e aíl buaillit.

Océ oé ón ! mo bhlóin, mo mhilleadh,
 Iomhaicne an óil, a'f rois a bhláinnéall,
 Ériú m'ire leanu laetibh zan fóid, zan fóistín,
 Fóir zan iomhad fuaidair !

—:o:—

PLURA NA M-BAN DONN OG.*

I.

Dá d-tiocfa-ra lomra zo críonta e lhatlóim ;
 A plúri na m-ban doin óz,
 Béarfaidh-óz mjl beacá agus m'ead m'ari b'fad órta,
 A plúri na m-ban doin óz,

* *Plúna m-ban donn óg, Flower of brown-haired Maidens.* This beautiful song, which breathes the very soul of love and sorrow, seems to have been written at a period when famine afflicted the land. The poet's mistress declines, through dread of hunger, to

VII.

Thus riven, alas ! from bosoms dear,
Amid dark danger, grief, and fear,
Three painful months unblest I rove,
Afar from friendship's voice and love !

Uch, och ón, &c.

VIII.

Forc'd by the priest, my love to flee,
Fair Maig through life I ne'er shall see ;
And must my beauteous bird forego,
And all the sex that wrought me woe !

Uch och ón ! my grief, my ruin !

'Twas drinking deep and beauty wooing
That caus'd, through life, my whole undoing,
And left me wandering lonely !

—:o:—

FLOWER OF BROWN-HAIRED MAIDENS.

I.

Oh ! if thou come to Leitrim, sure nought can us
sever,

A phlur na m-ban donn óg !

Wild honey and the mead-cup shall feast us for ever,
A phlur na m-ban donn óg !

visit with him the County of Leitrim, maugre all his glorious
painting ; and he concludes his song with a burst of fierce love,
chastened down by grief and Christian resignation.

‘Béarffad aen na long na reol ’r na m-bád dñt,
 Faoi bárratadh na d-tom a’r rinn ag filleadh ó’na
 d-tríáid,
 ‘Síj leisfíonn-ri aen bhrón coidcée do’dháil,
 A plúr na m-ban dohna ó!

II.

Ní raífeas i mire leat, a’r níl mairt dñt do’m
 iarras, —

Dubairit plúr na m-ban dohna ó;
 Mar ná c’ 3-coiñeodcaidh do zlóirta beo gan biaidh m’;
 Dubairit plúr na m-ban dohna ó;
 Míle céad feairi lomh beirt coidcée gan feair,
 Ná beirt ag riuibal a’r dhuicte ’rna b-fáraid leat,
 Níor tuis mo ériodh dñt grianad ná gean,
 Dubairit plúr na m-ban dohna ó.

III.

Conairic m’ agus teac’t cùdamh i’r tine láin a’
 t-rléibhe,

Mar néiltiong tñjio’ a’r 3-ceod,
 Bí m’ agus caimh a’r ag comhriád lái,
 So’ n-deacáamhí so’ páirc na m-bod.
 Siòdamajine ríor a lñib a’r fáil,
 So’ d-tuig’ ní’ òi’ rceijoibh’ faoi mo láin,
 Na’c b-fri’ coiri dá n-deanach’ rí ná’c n-jocfaigh a
 cain,
 Do’ plérír na m-ban dohna ó.

I'll show thee ships and sails, through the vistas grand,
As we seek our green retreat by the broad lake's strand,
And grief would never reach us within that happy land,

A phlúr na m-ban donn óg !

II.

To Leitrim, to Leitrim, in vain thou would'st lead me,
 Duart phlúr na m-ban donn óg.
When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me ?
 Duart phlúr na m-ban donn óg.
Sooner would I live, and sooner die a maid,
Than wander with thee through the dewy forest glade ;
That thou art my beloved, this bosom never said,
 Duart phlúr na m-ban donn óg.

III.

Over the mountain I once met the maiden,
 As a star through the mist might glow ;
We reach'd, while I told her my tale sorrow-laden,
 The field of the kine below ;
And there, in the hollow by the hedge-row tree,
I plighted her a promise, till life should flee,
To bear all the blame of her true love for me,
 Mo phlúr na m-ban donn óg.

IV.

Mo éireacá a'ir mo érlád zan mé ráigríte ríor léi,
 Mo plúr na m-ban dothn óz,
 Aír leaba caol áit, no aír cárth trébe,
 Mo plúr na m-ban dothn óz,
 Zan tréne aír bjt a n-éigilinn beirt láimh linn 'ran
 ojóde,
 Acht aíz rúisíad aízur aíz záirnead nílín mar buá
 mhaigh linn,
 A Dhíla, ná címuad an cár é muha bfaidh aíz njo
 mhaigh,
 Aír plúr na m-ban dothn óz.

—:o:—

SÍLE BHEAUS NI CHOINNHEAILBHÉIJN.

I.

A Shíle báin ná b-peanilajde,
 A céad-rieanic náir fullajn zímuajn,
 D'fáid tú m'fhéidh buairtá,
 A'ir a'd órajd hí ní béisid mé buan,
 Muha d-tigid tú do'mh feneacajn,
 A'ir éulodhád lomh rá zleannaitajb cuajn,
 Béisid cúnmajd a'ir tréirre a'd órajd oírt,
 A'ir béisid mé comh dub le zual.

II.

Tuztar éisgair ná fíonta,
 Aízur lsontar d'fhéidh an glaine ijr feanir,
 Muha b-faidh cead rínte,
 Le mhn-éneir aíz bollajc báin;

IV.

Alas ! my sad heart, that I kiss not thy blushes,
A phlúr na m-ban donn óg,
On a rich, lofty couch, or a heap of green rushes,
Mo phlúr na m-ban donn óg.
Alone, all alone, through the beautiful night,
Laughing in the fulness of our hearts' delight ;
Alas ! if thou be not mine, how woful is my plight,
A phlúr na m-ban donn óg !

— :o: —

LITTLE CELIA CONNELLAN.

I.

O ! pearl-deck'd, beauteous Celia,
My first love of mildness rare !
My life full fast is fading,
My soul is weary, vexed with care ;
Come, snowy-bosom'd maiden,
And rove with me the valleys deep,
Or darkest gloom shall seize me,
Till in the pitying grave I sleep !

II.

Come, place the cups before us,
Let choicest wines their brims o'erflow—
We'll drown, in draughts oblivious,
The memory of her breast of snow ;

Ա քլնիր յի զոլե 'ր յի մինե,
 Նա աղ բյօտա 'ր նա մլնի նա դ-եան,
 Եր բայթօւթա տրլրեած ելօմիրե,
 'Ն սայր բյուանյժյու նեյտ բարլառին լեյ.

III.

Դա դ-ելթյուն-ը քեմ ա'ր մին շնեար,
 Սաօլութեալ աղ ելոլլայէ ելուաձ,
 Ա դ-շլեանդան աօլին աւրեած,
 Օ տրտյու օյծէ յո դ-էլլրեօծած լա,
 Յան նեած ա նեյտ ծան շ-սոյթօւթաւտ,
 Աւտ սեալսա-բլաօյէ իո 'ն սոյլեած քեածա,
 'Տ յո դ-ելթ շլեանն յան շամ ամ շոյթէ րուժ,
 Փո Շիլե նեազ ի' Շօլութեալբան !

—:o:—

Ա Ի-ԱԽԾՎԴՀԵ ԾՐՈՅԹՀԵ ԽԱ Խ-ԱԽՎԱՑՎԱՆ.

I.

Ա ի-սիրցիծ շոյթէ նա դ-անաման
 Լեազան տն այլ լար մէ:
 Ելօմ յան շեյլլ յան այտնե,
 'Տէ աղ տ-եաւլան տօ բ'քեարր լոմ ;
 Ելօւան տօ ծուտա բրաւայթէ,
 Աշուր սալին լեատ տօ շալաբատ,
 Ար եյօծ ա դ-տեարիալ դայտին լեատ,
 Աւտ տեանցիմայծ լոմ ա դարած !

Her neck, that's softer, fairer
Than silk or plumes of snowy white ;
For memory wild pursues her
When sever'd from my longing sight !

III.

Were thou and I, dear Smooth-neck !
Of mild cheek and bosom white,
In a summer vale of sweetness
Reposing through the beauteous night ;—
No living thing around us
But heath-cocks wild till break of dawn,
And the sunlight of my bosom
Were little Celia Connellan !

—:o:—

WHISKEY, SOUL OF REVELRY.

I.

THE POET.

Whiskey ! soul of revelry,
Low in the mud you seat me—
Possess'd with all your devilry,
I challenge foes to beat me—
Behold my coat to shreds is done,
My neckcloth down the wind has run—
But I'll forgive the deeds you've done,
If you to-morrow meet me !

II.

Ala uairí éigíofid turá a n-áifílióinn,
 Al' b'éjò do fáilm pájóte,
 Deiníra ionad-coimhe lhom,
 Al' teanfähigid lhom a d-tiç a n-tábhailne,
 Mañ a b-felcill cálrit a'r cnaozairijid,
 Al' coc a d-tóin a n-baileagle,
 Al' bjoð ná h-aorí a n-ajce leat,
 Al' nómátrá círlífead pájlte.

III.

Oé! mo fíordí agus mo éamha tún,
 Mo fíúir agus mo bhráthaí,
 Mo énrit, mo tìç, mo talaí tún,
 Mo éamhaí, agus mo ríráca,
 Mo tipeabhaid cénid, mo éapail tún,
 Mo ba 'r mo éaoíre zeala tún,
 Al' tairi gáidh ní òráil aínmhísear,
 Do congáidh idhíre pájlit leat!

IV.

'Sa m'hriúin m'hriúte mharzalais,
 If tairtheamhaid do phodh lhom,
 Na dñultriç fórt do'm éarthaingac,
 Al' gairid de'n éinead éoiri m'í,
 Leathán-ríse lhom gini a'r riut,
 Bráthaí gaoil daith bhráon de'n t-riult,
 If caillidear-Críost daith bowl o' punch,
 Al' teanfähigid lhom d'á tóirídeac!

II.

WHISKEY.

When after hearing Sunday mass,
And your good psalm reciting,
Meet me at the wonted place,
'Mid tavern joys delighting,
Where polish'd quarts are shining o'er
The well-cock'd barrels on the floor,
And bring sweet rhymes, a goodly store,
To grace my smiles inviting !

III.

BARD.

My store, my wealth, my cousin bland,
My sister and my brother,
My court, my house, my farm of land,
My stacks—I crave none other,
My labour, horses, and my plough,
My white-fleec'd sheep, my cattle thou,
And far beyond all these I vow
To love you as a mother !

IV.

Mild, beautiful, beloved one!
Priz'd o'er all maids and misses !
O! quit me not, or I'm undone,
My fathers lov'd your kisses—
My haunting sprite is rum, I trow ;
My blood relations, draughts that glow ;
My gossip is the punch-bowl—O !
I'll haste to share their blisses !

V.

Ír ionnoda bhrighéin a' r eac'hlaigh,
 Bí eadraigh lé nájte,
 Acht ní fhaigh bhrón a'm aizne,
 'Nuairi liochtair cúnáim ari cláir tún,
 Mo bhean aizur mo leanbh tún,
 Mo máthair aizur mo atáilí tún,
 Mo cóta-mórí 'r mo náppair tún,
 'S ní ríarifaiodh mór do bhráit leat!

VI.

Táid na gaoilte ír feairí aizam,
 Da b-fuil a d-talamh Eilrean,
 Leanbh a'r bhráind a'r uisce-beata,
 Acht nácl t-tácaí a'n cláraíodh lom,
 Bhrónnaim rúd do'n Easlinn,
 Maír ír mórí mo tríl ar a m-beannacháeac't,
 A'r guri mairt leos bhráon do bláireadó Óe,
 D'éir aifilíodh do léuacha Ó'hinn!

—:o:—

PAISTIN FIONN.*

I.

Óráid le m-anam mo Pháirtí Fionn,
 A ciondóe 'r a h-aizne a gáilíodh lom,
 A cionca geala mair bláit na n-úball,
 'Sá píob mair eala lá Máirta!

* *Paistin Fionn, the Fair Young Child.*

v.

What quarrels dire we both have had
This year of sorrow sable!
But O! my bounding heart is glad
To see you crown the table—
Dear fondling of the nuptial nest,
My father kind, my mother blest,
My upper coat, my inner vest,
I'll hold you while I'm able !

vi.

The friends, the very best I saw,
While through the land a rover,
Were brandy, ale, and usquebaugh—
Of claret I'm no lover;
That liquor may the clergy bless—
Though great I deem their holiness,
They like the claret ne'ertheless,
When Mass and psalm are over!

—:o:—

THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD.

I.

My *Paistin Fionn* is my soul's delight—
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright ;
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness !

Céili fá.

Ír turá mo riún, mo riún, mo riún,
 Ír turá mo riún a' r mo chírád zeal,
 Ír turá mo riún, a' r mo comáin zo buan,
 'Sé mo ériúadé gan tū agam ó d' mhdáilíon !

II.

Cára mo ériúadé mo Pháirtín Fionn,
 B-fhl a dá chíruad aill larad man bláth na 3 círaí,
 Tá mire raeil aill mo Pháirtín Fionn,
 Aict aitháin gur ólar a gláigte !

Céili fá.

Ír turá mo riún, mo riún, mo riún, &c.

III.

Dá m-beiríonnri aithára m-bajle m-biaidh ruzraidh a' r
 chíreann,
 No iortháidh dá bairraile láin te leanúin ;
 Mo tréiríon a'm aicí 'r mo láin faoi na ceann,
 Ír rúzadé do ólfain a gláigte !

Céili fá.

Ír turá mo riún, mo riún, mo riún, &c.

IV.

Bí mé naoi n-oíráidé a'm lriúde zo bocht,
 O bheitíte faoi a'n dílín iortháidh d' a' tóir,
 A comáin nmo ériúadé, a' r mé a'g rímuajnead oírt,
 'S náidé bfaidh le fead 'ná le glaois tū !

Céili fá.

Ír turá mo riún, mo riún, mo riún, &c.

CHORUS.

O ! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
O ! you are my dear, and my fair love ;
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here ;
And O ! that my cottage you'd share, love !

II.

Love of my bosom, my fair Páistín,
Whose cheek is red like the rose's sheen ;
My thoughts of the maiden are pure, I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness !
O ! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

III.

Were I in our village where sports prevail,
Between two barrels of brave brown ale,
My fair little sister to list my tale,
How jovial and happy I'd make me !
O ! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

IV.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain
From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,
While, gift of my bosom ! I hop'd in vain
Some whistle or call might awake ye !
O ! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

v.

Triéisfead mo éairítear 'r mo éairítear gaoil,
 Ar triéisfíodh mé a mairleann de innáis a t-rafadail,
 Ní triéisfead le'm mhairtaithe tú, grianád mo ériodóde,
 So rínean a g-cóníoraí faoi cláir mé !

Cúrlí fa.

Jr turra mo riún, mo riún, mo riún,
 Jr turra mo riún, a'r mo grianád zeal,
 Jr turra mo riún, a'r mo comhán go buan,
 'Sé mo éireacé gan tú a gham ó'd mhairtaithe !

—:o:—

AN SEOTHÓ.*

Eoghan Ruadh, iobh cain.

I.

Seothó tóil ! ná goil go róil,
 Do gheabhairi gan deairimad a d-tairiscé gan é geoldio
 Do b'g ag at fírean i gcoigde nómhad,
 An Eilifín iat-ghairi ériu a'r Eoghan !

Seothó tóil, ná goil go róil,
 Seothó leibh, a cumhaínn 'ra rtóil,
 Mo cinn céad cinnimad go dúnbaic faoi bhrón,
 Tu ag rille 'na rúl a'r do com gan lón !

* The *Seotho*, or *Lullaby*, was the extempore effusion of Owen Roe O'Sullivan, to soothe the infantile sorrows of an illegitimate child, which one of the victims of his illicit amours had left him. Owen's patience and promises, it is said, were nearly exhausted.

v.

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,
And all the beautiful maids that be,
But never I'll leave sweet *gradh mo chroidhe*,†
Till death in your service o'er take me !

CHORUS.

O ! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
O ! you are my dear, and my fair love ;
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here ;
And O ! that my cottage you'd share, love !

—:o:—

THE LULLABY.

I.

Hush, baby mine, and weep no more,
Each gem thy regal fathers wore,
When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,
Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee !

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store ;
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

when the unfortunate mother, urged by maternal feelings, again returned to claim the child.

+ *Gradh mo Chroidhe*, *Love of my Heart*. The Irish is to be pronounced as if written *Gra ma cree*.

II.

Do ḡeabajarí aji d-o-tír aη t'ubal ád ósír,
 Do bý aʒ aη d-tílirí a ʒ-clír faoj éoimhéad ;
 Aη rtaf do bý aʒ Paŋ ba ʒreanta 'n t-reóir,
 'S aη t-rlat do bý aʒ Maolr ʒnjoð sónn do 'r
 tpeoir !

Seoðs tójl, 7c.

III.

Do ḡeabajarí aη caol eac éadtriong óz,
 Do ḡeabajarí aη ríjan 'r aη díallairt ójr,
 Bý aʒ Faillbe Fionn ba tsean aji tójr,
 Aʒ ruagáð Dañajri ó Cháirreal zo Bóin.

Seoðs tójl, 7c.

IV.

Do ḡeabajarí clojdeamh róinj aη doiri-číl ójr
 Do bý aʒ Bríjan aʒ níar na rluagá,
 Aη boða bý aʒ Muiléad aη uicairi tójr,
 Aʒ cat Cluain-Tairib aʒ tpeargári na d-tpeoir !

Seoðs tójl, 7c.

V.

Arið-čú 'n tairdil ó Cáirreal na n-drið,
 O leožan fajtce Bun-Rajte na rebl,
 Jolap rlejbe, caol énojt čeojl,
 'S reabac na rejz ó Szejlz na rzebl.

Seoðs tójl, 7c.

VI.

Do ḡeabajarí lomhiað raiðbír aη ójr,
 Thuz Jaron tpean do'n Ʒhléis aji bðrið ;

II.

I'll give the fruit the Phrygian boy
Bestow'd on Venus, queen of joy—
The staff of Pan, the shepherd's God,
And Moses' wonder-working rod.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

III.

The steed of golden housings rare,
Bestrode by glorious Falvey Fair,
The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,
In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud !

Hush, baby dear, &c.

IV.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
That flash'd despair on foeman's flight ;
And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,
That at Clontarf laid heroes low !

Hush, baby dear, &c.

V.

The courier hound that tidings bore
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore ;
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

VI.

I'll give, besides, the golden fleece
That Jason bore to glorious Greece ;

'Sá h-áthair-eacá cuitaigh, meairí, cumhaíracá ó,

Bí aí Cuéulláin ceann-iúilraíodh na rluaidh.

Seo thíos tóil, 7c.

VII.

Do gheabáilí rícaigh Aileall ba chalmha a n-gleob,

'S círaoiríeacá Finn zan mhoill aod óró;

Eilde Connail do b-úrraíodh le tréon,

'S ríaití gheal Naoir ó círaoisbheathais na rluaidh.

Seo thíos tóil, 7c.

VIII.

Do gheabáilí cloisteanní Finn ba liochtá a n-gleob,

'S a h-áthair é aíl Pháirtíuaidh tríaití na leózán,

Clozad círionta Oirgíuairi mhoill,

Aillí fajtcheannáidh na fíleann tríaois Mac Tríeoil.

Seo thíos tóil, 7c.

IX.

Do gheabáilí a leiníbheathais tríille leó a n-treoir,

Thug Ailífe d'Éirí zac céim do'n leózán,

le'ri mhaibh Feairhdhaíada ba óran a n-tóir,

'S Connlaoc uaral, uairítheacá ó!

Seo thíos tóil, 7c.

X.

Do gheabáilí zan meairíball fáilliadó zac reoir,

Díon bhrat dubhrat Dúnblainig ó,

Do cheileadó a zhennír a zcónízírac rluaidh,

'S é aíl ríor-áthair laoic zo faon dhá n-tríeoil.

Seo thíos tóil, 7c.

The harp-sung steed that history boasts,
Cuchullin's—mighty chief of hosts !
Hush, baby dear, &c.

VII.

His spear who wrought great Hector's fall,
The mighty javelin of Fingal ;
The coat of mail that Connal wore,
The shield that Naois in battle bore.
Hush, baby dear, &c.

VIII.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,
And Diarmid's host-compelling spear ;
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,
When fierce Mac Treon beneath him bled.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

IX.

Son of old chiefs ! to thee is due
The gift Aoife gave her champion true,
That seal'd for aye Ferdia's doom,
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.
Hush, baby dear, &c.

X.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,
That viewless left the chief who laid
Whole hosts beneath his battle blade !
Hush, baby dear, &c.

xi.

Do ḡeab̄airi n̄iōgan t̄ij̄n̄ t̄aj̄, n̄iōðam̄aij̄l,
 Ír áilne ȝnaol̄, 'r ijr caoim̄e ȝhiaða,
 Ná 'n̄ n̄éilt̄ion̄ ȝr̄ij̄n̄ t̄uz P̄riam̄ 'r a ȝluaz̄a,
 So bán̄ n̄a T̄láoi ȝan̄ t̄ij̄ ȝan̄ t̄reðj̄ri.

Seoðó ȝoþl, 7c.

xii.

Do ḡeab̄airi n̄j̄d̄ n̄ári n̄iñðeaḡ oíit̄ f̄or̄,
 ȝloim̄e ðo'ñ̄ ȝj̄on̄ b̄j̄d̄ b̄liøiz̄aij̄l roðam̄iñl,
 Do t̄ar̄iøam̄eac̄ hebe, an̄ n̄éilt̄ion̄ óz̄,
 Chum̄ Jup̄iter̄ laoð̄ n̄a n̄-dej̄te aji b̄dir̄.

Seoðó ȝoþl, 7c.

xiii.

Do ḡeab̄airi t̄yll̄e n̄ap̄ iñðj̄deaḡ f̄or̄,
 Añ̄ ȝat̄ t̄uz ȝloñzur̄ t̄reðan̄ 'n̄a ðój̄d̄,
 Do m̄ac calma Uj̄ D̄h̄rib̄ne ðá ðój̄on̄ aji t̄ój̄ri,
 M̄ai ba m̄iñje an̄ F̄h̄ian̄ zo t̄ðan̄ 'n̄a ðeððaiz̄.

Seoðó ȝoþl, 7c.

xiv.

Do ḡeab̄airi r̄aj̄l uaj̄m̄ ȝj̄on̄ a'ñ̄ beoij̄,*
 A'ñ̄ éadac̄ 'n̄a n̄aj̄ce ba m̄aij̄re ðo t̄reðon̄,
 Ac̄ ó c̄íj̄m̄ do iñðj̄me c̄úzam̄ r̄an̄ n̄oð,
 Nj̄ ḡeallf̄ad̄ uaj̄m̄ ðr̄t̄ duaj̄ n̄á t̄eðj̄d̄ !

Seoðó ȝoþl, n̄á ȝoþl zo ȝj̄ol̄!

Seoðó lej̄ñb̄, a c̄um̄aj̄ññ̄ 'ra r̄t̄oñj̄i,
 Mo c̄új̄ c̄éad̄ c̄um̄að̄ zo d̄úb̄ac̄ ȝaoj̄ b̄riðñ,
 Tu aȝ̄ r̄ile 'n̄a r̄ul̄ a'ñ̄ do c̄óñ̄ ȝan̄ l̄ón̄ !

* *Beoir* was a delicious liquor, anciently made from mountain heath. Tradition asserts that the Danes alone possessed the secret

xi.

And eke a maid of modest mien,
Of charms beyond the Spartan queen,
Whose awful, soul-subduing charms
Mov'd Priam to dare a world in arms !

Hush, baby dear, &c.

xii.

For thee shall sparkle, in my lays,
Rich nectar from young Hebé's vase,
Who fill'd the cup in heaven's abodes,
For Jove, amid the feast of Gods.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

xiii.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe
Pursu'd his path with shaft and bow !

Hush, baby dear, &c.

xiv.

And dainty rich, and *beoir* I'll bring,
And raiment meet for chief and king ;
But gift and song shall yield to joy—
Thy mother comes to greet her boy !

Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;

Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store ;

My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,

Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan !

of preparing it, and also that for this purpose they divided the heathy tracts among them, in preference to the arable land.

NEILLÍDE BHÁIN.

I.

A Neillíde Bháin ríod láimh lom a éanadé zeal mo chroíde,
 Ar léig mo láim aipi do bhrádajd nód ní mairfe mé
 beo miodé,
 Do fhiáinbhí agh tSionnri agus agh tSionnají zeal ad
 órajz,
 Ar gúr nua tu báili leat ó mhaibh bheácha baile
 lochá Ríac.*

II.

Da mo leanra Poitumha 'gur baile lochá Ríac,
 Léimheac na long agus coíntae Bháile at Cliath,†
 Aipi do mhaibh do noífhíne a leat agus a
 d-trían,
 Do fóin dul a ccleamháir leat lá fada 'r blátháin.

III.

Beiri mo bcaíacátra zo Coínaícta mair aif aí do bíg
 agh grieann,
 Ar zo dtí mo bálaingtín aif fada tá rí uaim;
 Agh t-sionnadh coíche úd bíg eadraíjí ag rleibte díuba
 Tuadáinijían
 A rí agh t-Sionnají zeal do cónaibh me bíg lái zo
 bhruaíac.

* Baile-loch-readhach, the town of Loughrea, on the lake of the same name, in the County Galway.

+ Baile-ath-cliath, the Irish name for the city of Dublin. Our

NELLY BAN.

I.

O, sit beside me, Nelly Bán, bright favourite of my heart,
Unless I touch thy snowy neck my life will soon depart—
I'd swim for thee the River Suir and Shannon's widespread sea :
Thou dost excel the beauteous maids of the town on blue Loch Rea !

II.

Were mine the town on blue Loch Rea, Portumna's pleasant streets,
The city of the Battle-ford, and Limerick of the fleets,
Unto thy tribe these precious gifts I gladly would resign,
Could gifts like these incline them, love, to make thee ever mine !

III.

My blessing take to Connaught back, the land of friendship free,
And to my own beloved who is so far from me ;
On Thomond's dusky mountain, our meeting-place we chose—
Swoln Shannon's waves detain'd me—in savage wrath they rose !

historians say that *Baile-ath-cliath* literally means the *Town of the ford of hurdles*; but as *cliath* might mean either a *hurdle* or a *battle*, I have chosen the latter version as better suited to my verse.

IV.

Dob fíeálli lhom ná mo chéapall ar sán aílúiomh a
tríjan,.
A'ir ná fábhaltar na páipice iona leaistear na
fíada;
'Ná ttáinig de bádairb ó Bhéal an t-Cláir 30
Léimheac le bládair,
Ná falcón turá a shírád síl airí tráid Béal loca
Ríac.

V.

Dob fíeálli lhom 30 mbeidhín marib agus rínté air
an t-rlhab,
Mo láim Óear anáilidte dá ploca ag an bfaic!
A ndán sunn trít mé a nshírád leat a Neilljde
Bán na cchlaill,
A'ir 30 ndeiri do mhártairín nac aíl léi mire trít
marí cláithri.

—:o:—

'Be N-EIRINN i.*
Uilliam Dall, nó cár.

I.

A n-áileantaib réimh na h-éigre bím,
A b-faingtaif péinn a n-áeilb 34c lao;
A n-t-reanú-bean síle ba béalac 34a
Do ríanúraíodh mé, 'bé n-éiginn i!
'Be n-éiginn i!

* 'Be n-Eirinn i, literally means *Whoever she be in Ireland.*

IV.

I would sooner than my gallant steed—I pass his
bridle-rein,
Or heirdom of the wide domain where stately deer
are slain ;
Than all that reach'd to Limerick of laden fleets this
year,
That in the town on blue Loch Rea I could behold
my dear !

V.

O ! that I were laid in death far on a hill away,
My right hand high extended to feed the bird of
prey,
Since, Nelly Bán, the theme of bards, I fell in love
with thee,
And thy mother says she'll have me not, her son-in-
law to be !

—:o:—

'BE N-EIRINN I.

I.

In Druid vale alone I lay,
Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—
My death I ow'd one sylph-like she,
Of witchery rare, 'be n-Eirinn i !

'Be n-Eirinn i !

II.

Ní ṭriácta mē aji céile Naojr
 Thus ári na n-asaordeal aji ḍ-teacád don Chlraoir,
 Na an báb ó'n n-Teileas do céar an Tlaoi,
 Le ᷑rlád mo cléjb, 'bé n-Eilimhí j!
 'Bé n-Eilimhí j!

III.

'S bneáza dear dneimheas néró a tlaoi,
 So bárrí an félír na rlaot aji bjh,
 A tláit-folt néríz do ñealhaid an flóir,
 Aji ᷑rlád mo cléjb, 'bé n-Eilimhí j!
 'Bé n-Eilimhí j!

IV.

Jr cárthair, taoisac deuiraí bjhím,
 So crájóte, cneimheac, ceurda ó'n mháoi,
 Faighiac, ráon, ᷑an céill, aji baor,
 Le ᷑rlád do'n béal, 'bé n-Eilimhí j!
 'Bé n-Eilimhí j!

V.

Aji neóna n-uaipi téigim aji taoibh ríse Fionn,
 Fa bhrón a ᷑cén a'ír ᷑an aón dám bhrón,
 Cí a feolfaid aon 2lhabhac Dé am lioi
 Aic ríde mo cléjb, 'bé n-Eilimhí j!
 'Bé n-Eilimhí j!

II.

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's woe—
The dame that laid proud Ilium low,
Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,
Match'd with my fair, 'be n-Eirinn i!

'Be n-Eirinn i!

III.

Behold her tresses, unconfin'd,
In wanton ringlets woo the wind,
Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,
My heart's dear maid, 'be n-Eirinn i!

'Be n-Eirinn i!

IV.

Fierce passion's slave, from hope exil'd,
Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—
Some magic spell she wove for me,
That peerless maid, 'be n-Eirinn i!

'Be n-Eirinn i!

V.

But O ! one noon I climb a hill,
To sigh alone—to weep my fill,
And there Heaven's mercy brought to me
My treasure rare, 'be n-Eirinn i!

'Be n-Eirinn i!

CAITLÍN NJ UALLAChÁIN.*

Uilliam Dall, nō cón.

I.

Ir fada mjlte dá scáirtað ríor 'r ruar ari fáasan,
 Ar clána raojte ari earfájó ȝanñ ȝan cluain, ȝan
 rtáit;
 ȝan cánað laoí, ȝan fleasha, ȝan ríon, ȝan chuar,
 ȝan ceáid,
 Ar brialt arið ar Caitlín nj Uallaċáin !

II.

Ná mearaiȝiðe ȝui calle ērijon na ȝuaipseacán,
 Na cajllicéin an aijfír iñj-tair, ȝuacač, iñháihrl ;
 Ir fada arið ba ȝanaltja j, 'r ba iñbi a h-áðal,
 Da mbejðeað ac̄t aŋ Ríð ȝi Caitlín nj Uallaċáin !

III.

Ba ðear a ȝnaor dá mairiñjír le ruagad náimad,
 Bliata ríoda ȝi tairiñjíz ȝaojte 'r buad ēum ȝab ;
 Plaid ȝo ȝriðeðe ð batár cíñ ahuar ȝo tpiácd
 ȝi mac aŋ Ríð ari Chaitlín nj Uallaċáin !

* In this political poem, composed by blind William Heffernan, commonly called *Uilliam Dall*, Ireland is personified under the

CAITILIN NI UALLACHAN.

I.

How sad our fate, driven desolate o'er moor and wild,
And lord and chief, in gloom and grief, from home exil'd,
Of songs divine, and feasts and wine, and science lorn,
We pine unseen for *Caitilin ni Uallachán*.

II.

Suppose not now that wrinkled brow, or unkempt hair,
Or long years' rigour did e'er disfigure the queenly Fair—
Her numerous Race would find their place on Erin's lawn,
If the prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán*.

III.

Fair were her cheek could we live to wreak the foe-man's rout,
And flags would gleam to the breeze's stream o'er victory's shout ;
And richest plaid on the happy maid may trail the lawn,
If the prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán* !

name of *Caitilín ni Uallachán*, or *Catharine ð Houlihan*.

IV.

Szneadamhaois le h-aithnísde cùm uan na ngráir,
 Do céap na Tíortha, talamh tigrim, 'r cnuacais
 áit;
 Do ríair na ttíorthacholl fajrigíde, zeal-cuantha 'r
 tigráis,
 Ais cuir malaist cunjéce ari Chaitilín ní Ullacáin!

V.

Ai tē tarlinnus Israël treas na daoidhe Ruad ó
 náimhí,
 Do bheatas do daonche dathad gheimhridh aghaist le
 h-apán;
 Do neartas do Maoil a mearais a náimhaid, fuaingseal,
 tigráis,
 Ir tabhairt do Chaitilín ní Ullacáin!

—:o:—

A SHJOBHÁN A RUÍN.*

I.

A Shjobán a Ríin, if tú do mairb me níath,
 A Shjobán a Ríin, if tú do baist d'iom mo éjall,
 A Shjobán a Ríin, if tú cnuasais eadair me a'r Díá,
 Ar b-peáilí d'fhíne b'eist zan rílís na tú feicirí
 ariamh!

* I found these fugitive lines untranslated in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," and have taken the liberty of transferring them hither, and giving them an English dress, which they very richly

IV.

We raise our eye with suppliant cry to the Lamb of Grace
Who form'd the tide—did the lands divide—gave hills their place—
Who spread around the seas profound, and bay, and lawn—
To change the scene for *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

V.

Who Israel led where the Red Sea sped its waves of fear,
His table spread with Heaven's blest bread for forty year,
In favouring hour gave Moses power and freedom's dawn,
Shall come to screen his *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

—:o:—

O, JUDITH, MY DEAR.

I.

O, Judith, my dear, 'tis thou that hast left me for dead ;
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st stolen all the brain in my head ;
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st cross'd between Heaven and me,
And 'twere better be blind than ever thy beauty to see !

deserve. *Siobhan* is Anglicised *Judith* by the Scotch, and *Johanna* by the Irish.

II.

Ar bheád é do fhoist, ír tún a n-áireoidh do cumadó
go ceannas ;
Ír tún 'n caillín óis ná cí rialb óltaid, imjúisteaid leanid ;
Do ghruaidh mairi an nór a' r do phos mairi rílleaidh na
m-beacáid,
A' r gur é do céol níl idh túid mhe ó tinnear a
feairc !

—:o:—

AJSUJN SÉARCHAIN MÍHIC FÓRMHNAIJIL.*

I.

Oíráidé b'fhor am lúise am fhuain,
'S mhe ailti bhuailnead tréid na catáidé ;
Do fírin an trít-bean, trít-leacáid, truitiuc,
Taobh lhom fhuair ag déanamh tataidé :
Ba éadl a cón, a claoibh-folt tridom,
Ag teacáid go hoí leí na gráidé,
Ba órbe a ghruaidh 'ná an gual,
'S ba zíle a ghruaidh 'ná na h-Ullajde.

II.

Do éanach í, gnaoi gáidh ghráim,
A claoch-norair naistne 'ra béal tanaijde ;
A mhion éjoic, círtid, zéal, círuaid,
Aili a mhír-éneir fuaidh náid bhríl teagairjde ;

* This allegorical poem, in which the genius of Ireland, impersonated by a queen of Faëry, leads the charmed mortal through the

II.

Thy person is peerless—a jewel full fashion'd with care,
Thou art the mild maiden so modest at market and fair,
With cheek like the rose, and kiss like the store o' the bee,
And musical tones that call'd me from death unto thee !

—:o:—

THE VISION OF JOHN MAC DONNELL.

I.

One night, my eyes, in seal'd repose,
Beheld wild war's terrific vision—
When lo ! beside my couch arose
The Banshee bright, of form Elysian !
Her dark hair's flow stream'd loose below
Her waist to kiss her foot of lightness ;
The snows that deck the cygnet's neck,
Would fail to peer her bosom's whiteness !

II.

I saw her—mild her angel mien ;
Her azure eye was soul-subduing ;
Her white round breast and lip were seen
The eye of wonder ever wooing—

principal haunts of the fairy host, is valuable, if it were only for its delineation of the mythological topography of the country.

A haol-ċoill p̄ rean̄, a n̄eis̄-ċloib̄ leab̄air,
 A caol t̄p̄oij̄ ṭeañ̄, at̄éid̄ 'ra majl̄j̄e;
 If̄ f̄j̄or̄ zuil̄ baolb̄ñ̄ l̄ñ̄ a ṭ̄h̄uað,
 B̄j̄oc̄ zuil̄ ṭ̄h̄uað m̄é a᷑n̄ cclearr̄aj̄e.

III.

Añ̄ uaj̄i ṭ̄eap̄caiḡ i do b̄joz̄ar̄ r̄uař,
 Zo b̄f̄ionaj̄iñ̄ uaič̄i ca'ri ba ar̄ i;
 N̄j̄or̄ ēp̄iotal̄ r̄j̄, do r̄zej̄ñ̄ r̄i uaiñ̄,
 'S b̄j̄or̄ zo tuaijic̄ d̄eij̄ mo r̄taimaij̄e:
 D̄éij̄j̄or̄ zo l̄om̄ na d̄eis̄ le foñ̄,
 N̄j̄or̄ aon̄ta l̄om̄ 'r̄ m̄é a n̄eap̄aij̄e
 Zuil̄ leahar̄ i doñ̄ t̄j̄ri ba ṭ̄h̄uað,
 Zo r̄j̄t̄ na n̄j̄ruaž̄a c̄e zuil̄ b̄f̄ada i.

IV.

T̄j̄im̄ aŋ̄j̄or̄ aŋ̄j̄ir̄ do ruaiž,
 Zo r̄j̄t̄ C̄riuač̄ha, 'r̄ zo r̄j̄t̄ Seanaíj̄e;
 Zo r̄j̄t̄ aoiþ̄ñ̄, aoiȝ̄eap̄d̄a, ruad̄,
 Mař̄ a mb̄d̄ na r̄luaj̄a ne t̄aoj̄b̄ na beaň̄aij̄e
 Zo haolb̄noz̄ Bóñ̄ Uon̄zaij̄ Oiž,
 Už̄ r̄eac̄aij̄ neboih̄am̄, 'r̄ a᷑z̄ d̄eáh̄am̄ r̄eart̄aij̄e
 Ni ruaj̄b̄ a tuaj̄iñ̄z̄ r̄j̄or̄ na ṭ̄h̄uař,
 Ać̄o i do z̄luaj̄reac̄o t̄p̄e na bealaíj̄e.

V.

T̄j̄im̄ zo r̄j̄t̄ ijj̄c̄ L̄j̄ri na c̄cluiač̄,
 Zo c̄raoib̄ Ruad̄, 'r̄ t̄j̄im̄ zo Teamh̄aij̄ ;
 Zo r̄j̄t̄ ēnoc̄ F̄j̄il̄ñ̄, aoiþ̄ñ̄, ēuař,
 'S Uoib̄ill Ruad̄ ne t̄aoj̄b̄ na c̄raíj̄e :

Her sylph-like waist—her forehead chaste—
 Her ivory teeth and taper finger—
'Twas heaven, 'tis true, these charms to view—
 'Twas pain within their sphere to linger !

III.

" Fair shape of light ! thy lowly slave
 Entreats thy race—thy travels' story."—
Her white arm gave one beck'ning wave—
 She vanish'd like a beam of glory !
My questioning call unheeded all,
 My cries above the breezes swelling,
As, fill'd with woe, I northward go,
 To Grugach's distant, fairy dwelling !

IV.

Through fair Senai—through Crochan's hall
 I wildly chase the flying maiden ;
By fairy fort—by waterfall,
 Where weird ones wept, with sorrow laden !
My footsteps roam great Aongus' dome,
 Above the Boyne, a structure airy—
In hall and moat these wild words float,
 "She onwards treads the haunt of Faëry!"

V.

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—
 Through Creeveroe my question sounded—
Through Temor's halls of state I strode,
 And reach'd Cnoc-Fhirinn spell-surrounded,

Bhí cead bean ó, ba réilhe clóð,
 Óg éirtseař ceoil ’r agh déanamh airtíže,
 A bhoċaiji Aoibhíll ’r níosrað tħuaðmijietajn,
 ’S mgle tħuaġaqac zlé le jaġiżid!

VI.

Do bý aŋ tħix-t-bean, tħix-t-leač, tħuaġip,
 Do ċenji aji bħajjit me aŋ jaċċajże ;
 Na rħże 50 maqnejac, nijeh-żeal, ruaq,
 ’S a dħaoj-ċuacä l-ej zo haltaijże :
 Dfēač a hall zo maorha, mall,
 Ba lejri tħi aji ball żuri me do lean ħi,
 Aji rj’ ’r tħuaġ li ħi do ċuajid,
 Tiz aħħar ’r éjx tħi aji cċearħajże.

VII.

“ Mo ċheat,” aji rj, “ mo bixxojji aji bħajjit,
 Mo tħix, mo tħuaġ, njo laoċjað jaġiżid ;
 Do ċheac a cċejjoċað Caoċiżtjeċċ, ċruaġið,
 Do l-ħoħrað luuġi ha tħix-xaqrafajże :
 War býx xaqi ċed żan bixiż żaqi l-o
 Fá ċenji aŋ bixxoj xi aji na galliżże ;
 Ir iomhað iħac tħalliż tħixbeartha uajji,
 ’S a Ċenjort haċċ tħuaġ me ha neafxbajże ! ”

VIII.

D’fiafha jaċċear tħi cja ħi aŋ bixxojji
 F’aojji aŋ Tizżeapna beaħ aŋ feaqi żgħiżid,
 Na Rijż aji żaqoġiż il-żo bixxojji, tħan,
 Aż-żebiżx fjaħ oħiex s’ha hallożże,

By Aoivil-roe, 'mid wine-cups' flow,
A thousand maids' clear tones were blending ;
And chiefs of the Gael, in armed mail,
At tilt and tourney were contending !

VI.

The Smooth-skin fair, whose witching eye
Had lur'd me from my pillow dreamy,
'Mid shadowy hosts was seated high,
Her coal-black tresses wild and streamy—
She said, while shone her proud glance on
The form she knew that long pursued her,
“ We much deplore thy wanderings sore,
Now list our wrongs from the fierce intruder.”

VII.

“ I weep, I weep, my woe-struck bands,
My country, hosts, and chiefs of bravery—
The cold, rude Alien spoil'd their lands,
And ground their strength in bitter slavery ;
Crush'd, weak, obscure, they now endure
Dark sorrow's yoke beneath the stranger ;
And the True and High in exile sigh—
Heaven, how I need each brave avenger !”

VIII.

“ Say, O say, thou being bright !
When shall the land from slavery waken ?
When shall our hero claim his right,
And tyrants' halls be terror shaken ?”

Do dún ḫí a beol ní ḍubairt níor mo
 Seo 'n riuḃal mār ceó i nō mār ḫíže-ḃaoiṫ,
 'S níl cūntar fóir le tabairt a ccoim
 Ca ham do fóirfídear aji ari nearbáis !

—:o:—

MAJDN ṄEAL TSARANRAS.

I.

Majdn ḱeal t̄raṁrajò, coir aban an Ríže,*
 Ðearcar an c̄hlíon̄ ḍhléimreac, ðoñ ;
 Ba bñe a beul-ȝuṫ iona ḫiatán rluas ḫíže,
 Ba ȝile a ȝruas 'ná c̄hpe ná t̄toñ —
 A c̄mín̄ caol cailce — a t̄ploisín̄ caol tean
 A ȝabál le foñ faoi ȝáraiȝib le fán —
 Añ m̄ri zo m̄n̄te, a ȝile o'ñ ȝleáñ,
 Muña tt̄locfaidh tú leam ní bél ñ m̄ri r̄lán !

II.

Añ uairi muzað an c̄hlíon̄ t̄ájhc beac bñi,
 Le c̄iot meala m̄ne aji a caer ɓeol ;
 Þózat-ra an c̄hlíon̄ c̄umha, zeal, ȝriñ,
 Ba ȝrejðeañac tarl hñ aċt éiṛtiz le m̄r̄zeol —
 Čuaid dealz a ȝn̄jor ȝn̄b mār ċealz t̄lē m̄ ċrojše,
 Ȧfáiz mē ȝan bñiȝ ȝið bñonaċ le riād,
 Naċ iongantac beo me le cealz t̄lē m̄ ċrojše,
 Na c̄eada do claojðeað ȝiðhamra dá ȝrað !

* *Abhan-an Ríge*, a river of the County Kilkeuny. It is called *Avonree*, or the *King's River*, from the death of the monarch, Niall, who, about the middle of the ninth century, was drowned in its

She gives no sign—the form divine
Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken—
The future holds, in Time's dark folds,
The despot's chain of bondage broken !

—:o:—

ONE CLEAR SUMMER MORNING.

I.

One clear summer morning, near blue Avonree,
A stately brown maiden flash'd full on my way ;
More white was her brow than the foam of the sea ;
More holy her voice than the fairy choir's lay !
Her slight waist was chalk-white, her foot light and
smooth
Glanc'd air-lifted over the wild, grassy slope—
“ Fair light of the valley,” I said to her sooth,
“ My heart's health is gone if you yield me no
hope !”

II.

At the birth of the maiden, a humming bee flew,
With a rich honey-shower, to her berry-red lip—
I snatch'd, from the fair one, the sweet, fragrant dew ;
’Twas rapture entrancing—but what did I sip ?
A sting from her red lip sped, swift as a dart,
Its way to my bosom—how woful to say ;
’Tis strange that I live with the barb in my heart,
While thousands have died of her love since that
day !

waters during a flood, while he was endeavouring to preserve the life of a soldier of his train who had been swept into the current of the river.

UAIIL-JUAT AN AOIBHNS.

Ullamh Dall, nō cān.

I.

Alír bhrúasach na Coille mórne,
 Fa cluasach-bhratáis bhróna,
 Do róislaíodh suat aon cluasach,
 Ba rúajise lom, fá ód,
 Na ceol na cinnit is rúajise
 Ar ná slóri na ion rú a n-uaigheas
 Do bhé ceol ba bhréine ailiúid lom,
 Da g-cualacáid doin t-róir.

II.

Ná'n ceol do tuisceadh rúajis fír
 Tair mór m'hír ó'n Róm,
 Na aon róisliot do déanadh g-cluasach
 A g-cluasach-lír ná rúajis
 Ná'n g-eagáid do léigíod cuaíca
 So nuaid cónair coille a m-bhrúasach cnoic;
 Ar gac bhróna suír cír mo chuaíridh d'iom
 Muigha m-beadach Mallaché beag O !

III.

Saistí beac do lusáid línn
 Alír tuisceáilír a t-treoir,*
 An fóidhíar do beadach go buadairta
 Ar gac rúalcaír aig Seoín

* The poet, seeing a swarm of bees confused and wild at the loss

THE VOICE OF JOY.

I.

By Kilmore's woody highland,
Wandering dark and drear,
A voice of joy came o'er me,
More holy to mine ear
Than wild harp's breathing dreamy,
Or blackbird's warbling streamy ;
No seraph choir could frame me
Such soft music dear !

II.

More sweet than anthems holy
Brought seaward from Rome,
Than spells by wizards spoken
O'er stolen maiden's doom,
Or cuckoo's song inspiring
Where woods green hills environ—
Save love for one fair siren,
It banish'd my gloom.

III.

The golden bees were ranging
The air for a chief—
'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,
And dark tyrants' grief;

of the queen bee, accepts the omen as a prognostic of the destruction of the English power in Ireland.

Seoiliúrte tár leári d'á riuasád
 Í'r a n cónar do b'fhoíc zo buacaí
 Tá an dhrá ná baile aílri buan d'ób
 Í'r ní truaíz lhom a m-brón!

IV.

A Shroinéill d'á m-beirfíoch rínté
 Faoi chruasád-leac a g-coimheas,
 A'rá an r'fheal ro clor mairi c'úalaos
 Zo ruanfháir aílri reol;
 Le fórra a'ír neart mo ghuaille'
 An r'fóid zo g-caitíoch ruan d'iom
 A'rá me teacád tár m'airi zo luamhneas
 Faoi t'uaillim a n r'fheoil!

—:o:—

AÍR EIRE NI INEOSAÍN CJAÍ HJ.*

I.

A naoiúr 't m' mé téamháim ari neoin,
 Aír a n taobh eile d'ón teóra 'na mbíom;
 Do t'aoibhais a n r'fheil-vean am cónar,
 D'fág taomháe, b'neoiríte, laí, r'fín:
 Do g'fheilíor d'á m'fín 't d'á clóð,
 D'á beul t'anaíod, beod-íjhíl, b'fín;
 'S gúm leím m' mé fá d'fheisim dul na cónar,
 'S aílri Eire ní 'neofraí cjaí hí!

* The author of this beautiful love song is unknown; but it would seem that he was a native of the County Kerry, as this is

And George, a homeless ranger—
His tribe, the faithless stranger,
Far banish'd—and their danger,
My glad heart's relief!

IV.

If o'er me lay at Shronehill
The hard flag of doom,
And came that sound of sweetness
To cheer the cold gloom—
Death's darksome bondage broken,
My deaf, dull ear had woken,
And, at the spell-word spoken,
I'd burst from the tomb!

—:o:—

FOR IRELAND I'D TELL NOT HER NAME.

I.

One eve, as I happen'd to stray
By the lands that are bordering on mine,
A maiden came full on my way,
Who left me in anguish to pine—
The slave of the charms, and the mien,
And the silver-ton'd voice of the dame,
To meet her I sped o'er the green ;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name !

the most popular song in that part of Munster. Tradition attributes it to a young man who fell violently in love with the affianced bride of his own brother.

II.

Ðá uigéilfioċ aη ῥpējli-þean ðam' ȝlōn,
 Arjað nájóte mo þeojl do þeitx fjoṛ;
 Ðo deñħej tħix do ðéanħfañ do ȝηðð,
 Do lējli ċiġi a ccobli 'r a cciġiċ:
 Do lējżxiñ zo lējli ῥtajli ðam' ῥtðri,
 'S ba mējñ lhom a pōzat ðm' ċħoġħe,
 Do ńéanħfañ aη ċhaob tħi' 'na ðoġ;
 'S aji Ejjie nji 'neօrfañ cja hji !

III.

'Tá ῥpējli-ħnejnżioll maoriða, mōðanijrl, oż,
 Aji aη taob ejle tħoñ teħra 'na mbiż;
 'Tá fējle 'zur ðaonhaċt, 'r mēdin,
 'S dejjre nō-niżżej añ ra mħaοj:
 'Tá foltu lēi aż-tnat lu zo feđri,
 Ðo cocáhaċ, bniċċaċ, bniċċe,
 'Tá laja jona leacuñ maři nōr;
 'S aji Ejjie nji 'neօrfañ cja hji !

IV.

A ῥájli-ħiżi b's pājixteac lhom fēj,
 'S me ájjihom tħa m-fexx-dalli lhom tħaliż;
 Bhejðiñ ȝplādhaġi le bár-ċenjiż 'na cċiraob
 Ðá bħxażjañ ájjihżżeġ o aqnej cja hji ?
 'Táji cājixte 'r nji cár ojjiñ ē,
 Ðuri le dāhaċt do tħeljim leat dá rħażżean,
 Nji fu'lājji zo bħixi l-cájji aji a rżeljim,
 Ðo bħixi nájje ojji a lejzeaċ ðiżiñ cja hji !

II.

Would she list to my love-laden voice,
How sooth were my vows to the fair;
Would she make me for ever her choice,
Her wealth would increase by my care—
I'd read her our poets' sweet lays,
Press close to my wild heart the dame,
Devote to her beauty the bays;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!

III.

A maiden young, tender, refin'd,
On the lands that are bordering on mine,
Hath virtues and graces of mind,
And features surpassingly fine;
Blent amber and yellow compose
The ringleted hair of the dame,
Her cheek hath the bloom of the rose;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!

STANZAS SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE FOREGOING.

IV.

Sweet poet! incline to my prayer—
For O! could my melodies flow,
I'd sing of your ringleted fair,
If haply her name I could know.
You are censur'd, permit me to say,
Nor grieve I you suffer the blame—
Some blot doth her beauty display,
When for Ireland you'd tell not her name!

v.

A Bhíonúnaí! Féin é lúiméail d'an éan,

Níor b-hoighne lom ríráile d'an tig;

Nó níos do beirt tabhairt a do mheáibh,

Seo mbeirt foí aili a scáil do níos ríor;

Seac uisdear do fíubalaí a láin,

O'ñ Siúrla do ttí a n-rafle coir lao,

Teacht éisamh-ra ag fáisail cíntair am báib,

'S aili Eille ná tráchtadh cia hí!

—:o:—

BRUINÍJOIL BAILE ATH SHAMHNÁIS,*

Foí, “Poirt Sóirdon.”

I.

A Mháine a shláth i f tu tam' énáth,

Oc! tabair do láin zo dlírt óam'

'S gur dual tamh buaíd na críse d'fáisail,

Seo bráth ná déan me ójultad—

A éil ná n-dual aré mo éimhíad zo buan,

Náe bhrílm leat fuaisté a cleamháir,

Béidéad zo dualic rá ríor shliamh,

Má b'fóili a b'fad uaimre a aifreast!

* *Baile-ath-Shamhnais.* *Ballyhaunis*, a market town in the barony of Costello, County Mayo. It had a monastery for friars of the order of St. Augustine, endowed by the family of Nangle, who, in after time, took the name of Costello. It subsisted till the reign of James I., and at the insurrection of 1641 was restored by some friars of the same order.—*Lewis's Topographical Dictionary.*

Mr. Hardiman, who leaves this song untranslated in the first volume of the “Minstrelsy,” says that it was composed by a friar

v.

O, Browne, of the pure spotless fame !
I never would marvel to see
A clown thus consigning to blame
Those charms that so beautiful be—
But you that have roam'd by the Lee,
And the scenes of the Suir did proclaim,
Why ask you my secret from me,
When for Ireland I'd tell not her name ?

—:o:—

THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

I.

My Mary dear ! for thee I die,
O ! place thy hand in mine love—
My fathers here were chieftains high,
Then to my plaints incline, love.
O, Plaited-hair ! that now we were
In wedlock's band united,
For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,
Until our vows are plighted !

of the monastery of Ballyhaunis, who fell in love with a beautiful girl of that place. With every respect for the superior information of Mr. Hardiman, I beg to say that this lyric, so creditable to the poetic genius of Connaught, and which stands forth among the happiest efforts of the pastoral muse of Ireland, was, in all likelihood, written by a youthful student of the monastery, as the second stanza bears clear proof that the lover is one not arrived at manhood, and who is subject to his father's control.

II.

A blájत ᷂a ccaoisi o tājla mē,
 Claoisóte, tñéjत, le ȝneanñ dñit;
 Tairi ȝaoi m' ðéisjñ a riñi njo cléjë
 'S tabairi ȝnád ȝan claois, ȝan cain dani.
 Fáisaoiř ȝéař! ir me aŋ ceanñ ȝan céill
 'S do cóníajile m'atari njoř ñiñlñzeař
 'S ȝuri b'ē cóníjád ðeanač a ȝúbařit rē lhom
 “Tñéisre Beul át hainhajř!

III.

Ačo tñuz mē ȝnád doð cñljñ báŋ,
 Alji cùl aŋ ȝájrdjñ pónajie;
 Doð bñjlñ tlájत mapi cùbaři ᷂a tñáža,
 Doð tå ȝnuađ ðeajz mapi cãoiscon:
 Doð bœul ir bjñne 'ñán cuač aji bjele,
 'S ᷂a ceileabhař caoij ÷a neuhajt,
 Mo leuň 'r moñjilleađ! ȝan mē 'r tu a cumanjñ,
 Až éalðzađ le ÷a céjle.

IV.

A ȝnád 'r a riñi dá ȝzluajrfeađ lhom
 So tñi ÷a loñz ar ȝirijñ?
 Nj'l tñnearf cijn ÷a tñrre cnojde,
 Nač lejzeařfrjé aŋi ȝan añjuř,
 'S tu aŋ neult eolijř tarí iñhájë ÷a ȝóðla,
 Ažur coññjò aȝad fénj ð'ñ mbár me
 Ojr ȝan ȝnára dë nj ñajrifò mē,
 Alji aŋ tñrájò ro Bheul át hainhajř!

II.

Thou, Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,
All worn and faint to greet thee,
Come to these arms, my constant love,
With love as true to meet me !
Alas ! my head—its wits are fled,
I've fail'd in filial duty—
My sire did say, “ Shun, shun, for aye
That Ballyhaunis beauty !”

III.

But thy *Cúilín bán** I mark'd one day,
Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,
Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,
Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,
Thy tones that shame the wild bird's fame
Which sing in the summer weather—
And O ! I sigh that thou, love, and I
Steal not from this world together !

IV.

If with thy lover thou depart
To the Land of Ships, my fair love,
No weary pain of head or heart
Shall haunt our slumbers there, love—
O ! haste away, ere cold death's prey,
My soul from thee withdrawn is ;
And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward,
In the town of Ballyhaunis !

* *Cúilín bán*, fair flowing hair.

AÑ AÑDÍR AÑUJN.

Añ Mhañzairie Súzach, nò càn.

I.

Iñ tñéit me real 'rarr fann,
 Whó gné do meat do lon,—
 D'ealaiz chead—
 Iñ raiñeas 'r deairt
 Am aod, am rzaírt, am com.
 Do tñéiz me iñ fear mo gnreann,
 'Tá'ñ cléiji a neairírajd lom ;—
 Iñ baot mo bearn,
 Iñ faoi mo neairt,—
 Do claoi—do rzaíp mo meabhair !

II.

Le héisjon zean dón mo ñamhrl,
 A rí nélton dear an Bhróða ;*
 Do mearaiz armhlt
 Ñaor am ajce—
 A ré beirr gearz mo ñamhrl.
 'Tá a cnaobholt tair zo boñi,
 Zo ñamhdaé, cnaodaé, crom :
 Iñ a níñ-norz meair
 Le zaeatib a ñlat
 Na ceadta feari zo fann.

* *Brogha*, Bruff, a town in the County of Limerick.

THE LOVELY MAID.

I.

Long, long I'm worn and weak,
And pale my wasted cheek ;
 And groans have rent
 Where shafts were sent
My inmost soul to seek—
My sense of joy is dead,
The Church's wrath I dread ;
 I'm wild, unwise,
 My vigour dies,
My wits are scattered, fled !

II.

The love I do avow
The beauteous Star of Brogha,
 Hath heap'd dark blame
 Upon my name,
And withering left me now—
Her hair, in wreathed flow,
Falls shining, quivering, low ;
 Her rich, ripe eye
 Bids thousands die
Beneath its arrowy glow !

III.

Tá a beul bjhē blafta, buadac,
 'S a déjō iújón cajlce cùmhaing,
 A réjó-éjnoð dear,
 A h-aol-cóirí reanç,
 A rjéimh mair alað aji rjéill.
 A ccéimh a teacit zo ríjáac,
 'S ha téte a fhearfadal dñíjij;
 Do t'éapnajò if fear
 Añ bélj le m' aij,
 Do claoñ, do rjap mo lút.

IV.

Do fíleacdar real dam' rún,
 Le h-éjzonj zean dá zñír;
 Do bélj, do rjnead,
 Do lémh do pheab,
 "Sein me fearda"—a dñibairt—
 Nj cajlfjod fénj mo clú
 Le réjéic zan mairt, mairi tñi,
 Le bñéaz if beart
 Do leui—do fíla
 Na céadta bean ra Muimhaj!

—:0:—

CUJSIE MO ČROJDE.

I.

Aji mairdij a nac roimh zjréimh zo moð,
 Do ðearcaj añ bélj ba maird ñamit;

III.

Lips, precious, musical,
Teeth, chalk-white, close-set, small ;
Hand, smooth, and fair ;
Form, statelier
Than wave-pois'd swan withal—
Once favouring heaven did will
That, downward o'er the hill,
Beside me came
The light-limb'd dame—
Faint tremblings through me thrill !

IV.

Low kneeling to the fay,
I vainly made essay
To melt her heart—
With shriek and start,
She wildly turn'd away :
“ Begone !” the virgin said,
“ Seducer, thou’st betrayed,
“ With deed of guile,
“ And tale and wile,
“ Full many a Munster maid !”

—:o:—

PULSE OF MY HEART.

I.

Before the sun rose at yester-dawn,
I met a fair maid adown the lawn :

Sneacsta aghair caoimh b'í ag cairpriúint, 'na r'zéimh
 'S a reanúsa-cóirp réimh manu zéig airí r'ruat;
 'S a chéile mo ériodóe! c'réad i' n'zimuaim
 r'iu oírt?

II.

Buadh b'innhe guth caomh a béal le r'ult
 Ná Ophéar do léig 30 faon ná toimpis;—
 Bhí a naomhaon-porúr n'leid man ériortail ná m'bhraon
 Aírí teamhaon-ghlair f'éilir noimh ziméin 30 moé;
 'S a chéile mo ériodóe! c'réad i' agh zimuaim
 r'iu oírt?

. —:o: —

A TÁINÍ SÍNTÉ AÍR DO THUASNAIBH.

I.

Aitáin r'jhte aír do t'úamhba,
 A'ir to zéabhair aír do r'jor m'é;
 Dá m'béidéad bálli do d'á láim 'zam,
 Ni r'zairfaini leat c'oilidé—
 A úbairín aghair a'gurracht,
 Ir am daithra l'riúse leat,
 'Tá bolad fuaill ná c'liad oírr,
 Daibh ná ziméine 'r ná zaojte!

II.

Aitá cló aír mo ériodóerí,
 'Tá l'ionta le zimád órít,
 L'ionnadh aír taoibh r'jor de,
 C'óní c'íar duibh le h-ájriúe.

The berry and snow
To her cheek gave its glow,
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—
Then, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

II.

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done ;
Her ripe eyes of blue
Were crystals of dew,
On the grass of the lawn before the sun—
And, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

—:o:—

FROM THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU.

I.

From the cold sod that's o'er you
I never shall sever—
Were my hands twin'd in your's, love,
I'd hold them for ever—
My fondest, my fairest,
We may now sleep together,
I've the cold earth's damp odour,
And I'm worn from the weather !

II.

This heart, fill'd with fondness,
Is wounded and weary ;
A dark gulf beneath it
Yawns jet-black and dreary—

Má bainiong aon i níodh ó anu,
 'S go claoisífead a ní bár me,
 Béidéadra ní fíot-ghaojte,
 Rónhat fíor aji ná bánta !

III.

Nuaipi ír dóig le mo mhuintir,
 Ío mbímhre aji mo leaba ;
 Aili do tamaibh eaodh b'fóimh rínta
 O oide ce go mhaidion ;
 Aíz cùil fíor mo chruaodtaigh,
 'S aíz chruaod-éigil go daingin ,
 Tíre mo éalín cíne, rtumad,
 Do luanad lhom ná leanún !

IV.

Ai cíjhíl leatra a ní oide,
 Do b'fóra 'zur turra ;
 Fá buí a ní chraighi d'fhaidhnuig,
 'S a ní oide aíz cùil cíjhíl ;
 Céad mholad le h-fóra,
 Naé d'fearnaí a ní millead,
 'S go bhfuil do éigíóni mhaidéanach,
 Na crann fóillte ar do éigíón !

V.

Tá ná Saigairt 'r ná Bráistíle,
 Baé lá lhom a b'fearaig ;
 Do éigíón b'eist a nígrád leat,
 A óigbean ír tú mairb ;

When death comes, a victor,
In mercy to greet me,
On the wings of the whirlwind,
In the wild wastes you'll meet me !

III.

When the folk of my household
Suppose I am sleeping,
On your cold grave, till morning,
The lone watch I'm keeping ;
My grief to the night wind,
For the mild maid to render,
Who was my betrothed
Since infancy tender !

IV.

Remember the lone night
I last spent with you, love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree,
When the icy wind blew, love—
High praise to the Saviour
No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly around you !

V.

The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding,
That I love a young maiden,
In life not abiding—

Ó hÉanfhaidh fórtasadh aili an tSaoiacht Ó hT
 'S díon Ó hT ó'n bhealaithe:
 Aisúr cérthiadh zéar mho chloisther
 Táir bheith i fíor aír a ttalamh!

VI.

Tábhair do mhallacht do d'fháitairín,
 'S aillimhíodh t-aithair;
 'S a mairiúin do d'fháidte,
 So léimreacán na gearraimh:
 Náil léim dámh tríd pórtaidh
 'S tu beidh 'gamh ag bheacá,
 Aisúr nácl a h-iarainnfaidh mairi rppriéid leat,
 Aic líordhe lhom aili leaba!

—:o:—

BÉ 'N EIRÍNN I MO SÍR AUF J.

Ail Mháthairne Srízaic, níos cárth.

I.

Cé fada mé le h-aerí an t-faoiðair,
 Ir gur loitear béis a'r céad má'r fíor,
 Níor thaeircar aon do léiri zonu ríne,
 So teacáit amháighe do 'n báin-cneir—
 Si an círlíonu caoimh-tairz pládáin,
 Lé zaeite níll mho fhláinste,
 Aon zan fújmhar,
 Zan taom, zan tejmholl,
 Bé 'n Eirínn j, mo zplád j!

O ! I'd shelter and shield you,
If wild storms were swelling,
And O ! my wreck'd hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling !

VI.

Alas, for your father,
And also your mother,
And all your relations,
Your sister and brother,
Who gave you to sorrow,
And the grave 'neath the willow,
While I crav'd, as your portion,
But to share your chaste pillow !

—:o:—

WHOE'ER SHE BE, I LOVE HER.

I.

Through pleasure's bowers I wildly flew,
Deceiving maids, if tales be true,
Till love's lorn anguish made me rue
That one young Fair-neck saw me,
Whose modest mien did awe me,
Who left my life to hover
O'er death's dark shade—
The stainless maid,
Whoe'er she be, I love her !

II.

Ír cíosadh, cíosadh, mériod a dalaíod,
 Níl ceal 'na rísean, ní 'l claoch 'na cíosadh;
 Tá mairé a'r méin dá méin 'ra mhaor,
 Tá an gaoth le rísean, 'na cáil ghlan;
 'Sí an béis do claojóidh na táinéire,
 Le h-éigseon ghlúinne dá báis-chéir,
 Mairi aon ériu rí
 A n-eag ériu rí,
 Be 'n Eilifín í, mo ghlád í!

III.

Ír deair a déid, a beul, 'ra píob,
 A mala caol, 'ra claoch-poradh níjhinn,
 Ioná leacain feic an caon 'ra líd,
 Mairi gheir aili linn, a báis cíosadh;
 Tá feile, a'r fíne, 'r fáilté
 'S an m-béis 'náil tuisil a cárne,
 Ní baot 4 ghealán,
 Ní daon 4 dliath,
 Be 'n Eilifín í, mo ghlád í!

IV.

O ghabhar léi mairi céile píor,
 Ní ríseanfad léi go dt-eilgead do 'n éill,
 An balram béal-tair, beurac, binn,
 Do ghearr-ghoing rí, le ghlád ói--
 A gceann gáin mhoill ó'r áill leat,

II.

Her hair like quivering foliage flows,
Her heart no thought of evil knows,
Her face with purest virtue glows,
 Her fame all hate defying—
 While for her crowds are dying,
 And round death's threshold hover,
 Where I, for one,
 Am nearly gone—
 Whoe'er she be, I love her !

III.

What beauteous teeth, and lip, and neck,
And eye and brow the maiden deck ;
What red and white her cheek bespeck !
 Like wave-pois'd swan she's fairest,
 In virtue high she's rarest ;
 In her may none discover
 One deed to blame—
 Mild, modest dame,
 Whoe'er she be, I love her !

IV.

But since soft ties are round us wove,
Which nought but death can e'er remove,
That balsam-bearing Lip of love
 That spell-bound left me dying—
 Now far together flying

Le céile na h-ánam, a shrádó jil,
 An raoíjal ní b-riúis
 So h-eas a n-déijs—
 Bé 'n Eilinn jí, mo shrádó jí!

v.

Racfaid léi so h-Eilinn ríor,
 A meairí na m-béjte zeal aonac shliabh,
 Ar na reabac réimhe, reargadach, shliabh,
 Chum feir, ar fion, ar áileacht;
 Le h-aonra 3aoisil ar cairde,
 Béarfaid jí tan ráile,
 An beirt 3an baois,
 Ir réimhe ríjé,
 Bé 'n Eilinn jí, mo shrádó jí!

vi.

An h-ajnijm raoiri ní déanfar linn
 Ar do'n t-raoíjal cé ro níjhijm
 Ir í 3an bhrúch, ériu raoíjad a m' ériofáde
 Do léinig tinn éum báir m' ;
 An cílkionn níjh-tear, níjháthi
 Le 3aet do mhill mo fhláinthe
 Béjte 3an phámp
 3an taom, 3an teimhol ;
 Bé 'n Eilinn jí, mo shrádó jí !

The ocean-billows over,
Who can divide
From me my bride?
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

v.

But first to Eirne's lovely lake,
Where maids are gay, our course we'll take,
Where generous chiefs bright banquets make,
And purple wine is flowing;
Then from our dear friends going,
We'll sail the ocean over,
I and my dame
Of stainless fame—
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

vi.

Her secret name I'll not impart,
Although she pierc'd my wandering heart,
With such a death-dispensing dart
As love-sick left me lying,
In fiery torment dying,
Till pity mild did move her—
But wine of Spain
To her we'll drain,
Whoe'er she be, I love her

ΒΑΝ-ČΗΗΣC ΑΟΙΒJN EJRJONN.

Φοηηćαծ Ruač Mac Coηmaia, ect.

I.

Βεjη βεaηaċt σm̄ ċhiojħe zo tħiġi na h-Ejrijoñ,
 Bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ,
 Ċum a mairjiżo dō r-ixolhaç Jip a'rif Eibher*
 A l-bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ—
 Aħi ájt joñ ari b'-aoiħbiżżejjha bñiżżejjha, iż-żejt
 Maři r-ájx ċlir; ċaojuż aż-ċejjieħ Ħaoðal;
 Sé mo ċār a vejt nħiex nħiex a zċejji
 O bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ !

II.

Bjoni bañha bɔz r-liku aji ċaojuż-čēħiċc Ejjioñ,
 Bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ,
 'Sjir feaħi li joqxa' tħiġi reo dixx żac ħlejbe aqxa,
 Bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ,
 Ba bñiżżejjha na mēaħiajib aji t-tēadajib cedol,
 Siġġiż ażżejjha zżejjha a laoż 'r a l-bb,
 Ażżejjha tħall-żonja li jaġid uż-żgħiex aorha a'rif
 Aji bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ !

III.

Aħ-ċajd żaġħra l-ħoñha li a-t-tħiġi na h-Ejrijoñ,
 Bān-čēħiċc aoiħbiżżejjha Ejjioñ,

* Eibher or Eivir, the son of Ir, who, with his brothers, the sons

FAIR HILL'D, PLEASANT IRELAND.

I.

Take a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever,
 To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,
Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,
Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael—
And oh ! that I pine, many long days' sail,
 From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

II.

On the gentle heights are soft sweet fountains,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;
I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—
More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song,
The lowing of cattle the vales among,
And the sun smiling down upon old and young,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

III.

There are numerous hosts at the trumpet's warning,
 In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;

of Milesius, shared Ireland between them. Ir and his son Eivir had Ulster for their share.

A'r feanachóin ḫítoisde ná claoisfeac céadta,
 Aill báin-éigic aoirbhí Eiríonó—
 Ma ṭhíre cnojde a'r mo ériúnead ríseal,
 Is 45 zalla-píc ríor fa ḫínejm, mo leuñ!
 A'r a m-bailte da pojnt fa éjor zo daor,
 A m báin-éigic aoirbhí Eiríonó!

—:o:—

CÁITRÍN NI SHEOIN.*

I.

Sé an ríadairce rí Ó Bearta† an feair ríal b'í 45
 Beallaij
 Ar ní' n b'ílaðta é fá 'n teacra le lríde ann
 amh ñójn,
 Sa mhaíðdean b'reas ñaillamhajl ná'ri éigí rípeil
 maim a b'-feariab,
 C'rm ñlezeal mair t'neaccta rí Cáitríjn ní Sheoín!

II.

Tá na ceudta d'á macaíde dul an éuscluit d'á
 reaingean,
 Roic níjó ñlan éluain mealla, beul tanaí mair
 nór,

* This song is the production of a Connaught bard. It seems to be an extempore effusion in praise of the daughter of a western chief, at whose residence the person whom the minstrel styles the *Hunter of Bera*, had arrived. This spirited outburst of song was certainly a characteristic mode of introducing the "Hunter of

And warriors bold, all danger scorning,
In fair-hill'd pleasant Ireland—
Oh, memory sad ! oh, tale of grief !
They are crush'd by the stranger past all relief ;
Nor tower nor town hath its native chief,
In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

—:o:—

CAITRIN, THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN.

I.

Sing the Hunter of Bera, who from Ballagh came
hither,
Our gates open'd wide to his coming at noon,
And the virgin whose coldness did suitors' hopes
wither,
The snow-waisted Caitrin, the daughter of John !

II.

There are tall sons of bravery that pine in her
slavery ;
Her eye all beguiling—small lips like the rose ;

Bera " to the " Bright Swan of Lough Glynn."

+ *Bera.* *Bearhaven*, a territory in the south-west of the County Cork, the patrimony of the O'Sullivan Bear. *Ballagh*, or *Balla*, a village in the Barony of Claremorris, County Mayo. It has an ancient round tower.

Cáibhrícaíl a m-bjó bheagair aith, bjó iolraíodh 3ac
data aith,
3ac céib bhíde léi ag caradh go altairb 'na deoí.

III.

Cá ari b'iongħad do'n nezir ġej jaġiead fá Venus,
Maari do b'j Conċubajr fá Phħejjistiee dul a
b-pjañtaib d'ā zillá;
A neukt eolhix na h-éiżxi aji cōrissat idha zinnej,
'Sí mo rożza tarpi iż-żejt Ejjreanu ī a mēj 4'ra
3-cájl!

IV.

Deað-ċuñjað aji iż-żejt a cnejead ī, 'r ī fjalimja it
aħi ojnejx ī,
3ac reord deař d'ā b'regħhað 'r d'ā rcajpreað aji
luċċi ceoij ;
'Sí m'hixi ċlañha M'hixxead ī, 'r ī no zillád idha
b-pjile ī,
Eala żleżżeal loċa 3ilunej ī, 'r ī Gájtnej nis Sheoġ !

—:o:—

DUAN NU SAUJRSE.

Aħi Mañżajje Sŕiżac, no cān.

I.

Ji fata m' ġej a 3-cuñjað 3an tħarrt le teu l-imbja,
Go du b-ċċojjed-deač tħejt-laqgħ tlájt 3an tħeo jip ;
A'nej baċċað agħi b'rxi 'r a'nej b'liużað agħi baustla jid,
A l-ix-b lom r-lejbe faoj b'liácað aħi b'liόn ;

She's a jewel all splendid, of brightest hues blended,
Each gold-wreathed ringlet to her white ankle
flows!

III.

Now why should we wonder if thousands surrender,
Like Connor to Deirdre, their hearts to her chain ;
Guiding light of the poet, of sun-glancing splendour,
The fairest in Erin of beauty's bright train !

IV.

O'er her kindred and nation she holds highest station,
Dispensing rich guerdons to minstrels of song ;
Clan-Murray's fair darling—my harp's inspiration,
Bright swan of Lough Glynn, beauteous daughter
of John !

—:o:—

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

I.

All woeful, long I wept despairing,
Dark-bosom'd, fainting, wearied, weak,
The foeman's withering bondage wearing,
Remote in the gorge of the mountain bleak ;

Seán ñ ariaird a' m' ñabairi acht Donn*. 'ra ñaoltá,

'Do bhealtrí ñ aili d-táir d'am trípliñz taeb leir,
Se ñ-aistíreacád táir ñaéil ñá h buò léiji ñó,
Le táil ȝneiñn ríleipé a' r ȝáimdear ceoijl.

II.

D' aistír, aili d-táir táir, cír ña raor-ȝlat,

Se ñu ñuim ȝneiñd ȝur fáit añ ȝleoirí;
A' r ȝuri ȝaiñd béal ñuji a ñ-tuicáig Féidlim,†

A' r cíu ñaoij Eibhlí tari seán ȝneoir—
Tá Cárólur ionn 'r a ñablaç ȝléuñta,
Añ tariñajz tari ñabaiñ lë ñabairi d'ári raoriad,
'S ñi ñajtñj ñe boih do clann lutéimur,
'S béal ño ña ñaorðil ȝneuñ seán tláir 'r añ tóir!

III.

Fearða béal ȝneanñ le ñoñ ȝz éirib,

A' r tñjñ bññ ȝléuñta ȝz dáiñ añ ceoijl;
Béal cañtañ a d-Teamhairi, 'ra ñamhain, ȝz raor-ȝlat,

A' r toñá ríjéiñ ȝz cléiji le ñájaiñ ó'm leoñan.
Béal cealla ȝzur ñíl ña cíñre ȝz Papirtr,
Béal earrbañit dia-domhajc a d-teampojl
Eireanñ:

Béal ȝcaipreað ȝzur ȝcaipherað aili compluict éirin,
'Sar ȝubac ȝsteac ñaorðil zo bñáit 'ñ a ñeójz!

* *Donn Firineach*, or *Donn the Truthteller*, to whom is attributed, in Irish mythology, the government of the fairies of Munster. His residence is said to be on Cnock-firinn, a romantic hill in the County Limerick. The *Mangaire Sugach*, the author of this bold appeal in favour of the exiled house of Stuart, describes Donn as bidding him proclaim to the Brave that the hour had arrived for the last glorious effort on behalf of Charles.

Donn is an historical personage, and is said to have been one of

No friend to cheer my visions dreary,
Save generous Donn, the king of Faëry,
Who mid the festal banquet airy,
These strains prophetic thus did speak :—

II.

“ Behold how chieftains glorious, regal,
Are bondage-bound, dishonour’d, low ;
These churls from Phelim’s heirdom legal,
And Eiver’s lands, are doomed to go ;
For fleets, and Charles brave to lead ’em,
Will reach our shore with promis’d freedom ;
And vengeance doubly dark shall speed ’em,
Till bursts their might upon the foe.

III.

“ And bards shall pour their tuneful treasure,
And minstrels strike their voiceful string,
And Tara wake to music’s measure,
And priests be cherish’d by their king ;
And sacred rites and mass-bells sounding
All Erin’s holy domes be found in,
And scattering fear the foe astounding,
While all the Gael exulting sing.

the sons of Milesius, the celebrated king of Spain. When these princes invaded Ireland, more than a thousand years before the Christian Era, Donn, with all his ship’s company, was cast away on the west coast of Munster. It is a curious fact that the name of this prince, after the lapse of forgotten ages, is as familiar as a household word among the peasantry of the south !

+ Feidhlim, son of Tuathal Teachtmar, and father of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was monarch of Ireland at the commencement of the second century of the Christian Era. It was in the person of his father, Tuathal Teachtmar, or the Acceptable, that the Milesian dynasty was restored after the Attacotic rebellion.

IV.

Sin a gád ó d'úr gád riún ba m'éin lom,
 A'r meamhríodh féin mo ficeol do chád;
 Tíseadó zád clobairne a g-cobair le Séapilar,
 Céimhíodh an conraod riúb aji náimhí—
 Sin a gáib an taoi, a'r zabair le céile,
 Pheabair le fionn a'r pleanncais méri-t-poic;
 Leanaiz an roga aji órioiúz an éitíc,
 'S ná h-iompríseadó aén le rcáit ó'n n-gleasó!

—:o:—

OL-FÁIN EOGAÍN RUAIJÓ UJ SHUJUJOBHAÍN.

I.

Céad rílán éum gád níos-fír
 Bheildeac páiriteac d'amh fíré,
 A d-tíz an tábairne do fíordheac,
 Le h-íntír ag ól,
 Do tráír fíoc ná fíontá,
 Óan tráír zájil, Óan bhríseanáta,
 'S a máilleac d'a óiliúin rí, i
 Na goilfeac aji bhrón—
 Maír ní mire agha bua ríod
 Do círuinnídear agha t-bri,
 Da bairíuád zo fíor bocád,
 Ar daonáe eile d'a ól!

IV.

“ You’ve heard the secrets I’ve unfolden ;
To memories true their truths bestow ;
And speak, ’twill all the brave embolden,
The treaty broken by the foe :
But now’s the hour—your powers uniting,
Arise to crush these he-goats blighting ;
And while the race of treachery smiting,
Let none his vengeance wild forego !”

—:o:—

**OWEN ROE O’SULLIVAN’S DRINKING
SONG.**

I.

This cup’s flowing measure
I toast to that treasure,
The brave man whose pleasure
Is quaffing rich wine,
Who deep flagons draining,
From quarrels abstaining,
The morn finds remaining
All joyous divine—
It ne’er shall be mine
To gather vile coin,
To clowns at life’s waning,
For aye to resign !

II.

Bjón báotlaoč, le cínteaċt,
 A᷑z rāżajl cámair aji ḫaojčib,
 A ṭ-tiż aη tábairiħe do ḫidheraċ
 le h-ħintja 43 ól ;
 Aṛ tlátt bélò aη bħidheri ħad,
 'S a᷑z rāżhaċ a 3-cuċċe,
 Aṛ rżaprafari ha mjlte,
 Jo cipuġiħi dà 3-cuċċa rtañi,
 Nuaġi rjihfeaqi ē aji bōriż,
 'S jañ tħixx aji a tħoġ,
 Bjón a biean rūd dà ċaojhe,
 Le laojetib jañ cōjri —

III.

“ Na tħixx aji ha 3njoħjar tħajeb
 Bħi a b-Paġjuż ha Tħraoi ḫoġi,
 Na'ñ Jarġoñ do ḫolċajò
 Taři tħaġid lej aη reoħ ;
 Laoċħajò ha Cipraoħbe,
 Na'ñ te rji do ċlaoġid Talc,
 Na Sēarġarri ċenji cijor aji
 A ḥ-ixxreac zo leðni,
 O ! do tħixx iżżejjix aji Mħoġi,
 Jaċċ cipjoc eile de'ñ t-ixx,
 'Aṛ jaċċ aċċia býð ajiż,
 E tħabbarit ċumura beo ! ”

IV.

“ Mo ċār, iż tū aη rżejħiħle,
 Aji clájhaċċib rjih te,
 Aṛ zo bħixx biead a d ċaojhe,

II.

Some churls will come slinking,
To practise cheap drinking,
Where the generous are linking
 New joys to the old—
Vile starveling ! what matter
If curses should shatter
Your land-marks, and scatter
 To strangers your gold !
When laid in the mould,
 All naked and cold,
Your dames thus may patter
 Your death-song, behold :—

III.

“ Let heroes strike under ;
At Paris why wonder,
Or Jason, who plunder
 From dragons did rive ?
The red-branched hero
May sink down to zero ;
And Cæsar and Nero
 In vain with him strive.
Let the rich herds arrive
 That in Munster survive,
And I'll yield them, my dear, oh !
 To clasp thee alive !

IV.

“ My soul ! how grief's arrow
Hath fix'd in my marrow !
O'er that cold coffin narrow

Go dtéig aji mo ghlór !
 Dári laimheadh mo fíneadh,
 S beirt laitcheac le fíne,
 Do b-peáinn lhom ajiúr tu
 Na mjlte de'n óir !
 Ní jorfadh mé reoird,
 'S éjl rith agam a nghnoir,
 'Ait ní fágfaidh me an cíll
 O mo bhróimeac go deobh !"

v.

" A cáluidh mo chroisde 'rtíz ;
 Tíodh láitcheac am tímchíoll,
 Ní fágfaidh me tríht aji
 Aon taobh óiomhánach ríríos !
 Ní rtáorfad do dhíos rith,
 Go m-bátaí rith laoí me,
 'S go bhráth beirt dá chaoine
 Mho chaoine feair dañ nób"—
 Ba roimhe leat gád deoir
 Bhéildeac aghaír le ná ríbón
 'Ait í a baísaírt go h-íreall
 Aji círcíb fírl óis !

I'll weep evermore—
By the hand of my father !
This moment I'd rather
From the grave thee to gather,
Than gold's yellow store !
All feasts I'll give o'er ;
I'm stricken and frore—
Oh, grave at Kilmather,
Be my roof-tree and floor !

v.

“ My bosom friends inner,
Gather round your poor sinner ;
My kerchief and pinner
To pieces shall go.
In the Lee wildly springing,
I'll end this beginning,
His death-song still singing
Who valued me so”—
While round tears thus flow,
And wailing and woe,
To a youth near her clinging ;
She beckons alow !

CAISIOL MUNHAN.*

I.

Do ḡlacfaigh tú ᷑an ba ᷑an pín̄t, ᷑an áigheamh
rppiéid,
A c̄h̄d do'ñ t-riaoisil le toil do m̄h̄ntj̄n da m̄áill
neat m̄é;
Sé mo ḡalaip̄ dhuac̄ ᷑an m̄é 'fuir tú, a d̄ioch ḡráid
mo cléib̄,
A ᷑-Caisiol Mumhan, ar ᷑an do leabaið pín̄í ac aŋ
cláit boz d̄eal!

II.

Sjúbaile a cozair 'ar tairi a coðla lhom̄ fén̄ do'ñ
ḡleann,
᷑eabaið tú foyzaid leabaið flocuif̄ agur adair coif̄
aithan;
Béid̄ n̄a r̄iota a ᷑abájal ḡraij̄, faoi ᷑en̄zaib̄
craon̄,
Béid̄ aŋ loŋ̄ dhub̄ n̄'air b-focair, 'ran̄ c̄janraic̄ áh̄.

III.

Seairc mo cléib̄ do t̄uȝ m̄é fén̄ d̄h̄t, a' r̄ ᷑ráid̄
t̄ne n̄úh̄,
Da d̄-t̄iȝfead̄ r̄é do coir 'ra t-riaoisal zo m̄-béid̄j̄
fén̄ a' r̄ tú,

* *Caisiol Mumhan, Cashel of Munster*, is the most popular of all the Irish melodies. This will perhaps account for the reason that there is no Irish song of which there are so many corrupt versions as this. I cannot undertake to say that the present is the

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

I.

I would wed you, dear, without gold or gear, or
counted kine ;
My wealth you'll be, would your friends agree, and
you be mine—
My grief, my gloom ! that you do not come, my
heart's dear hoard !
To Cashel fair, though our couch were there but a
soft deal board !

II.

Oh, come, my bride, o'er the wild hills' side, to the
valley low,
A downy bed, for my love I'll spread, where waters
flow ;
And we shall stray, where streamlets play, the groves
among,
Where echo tells, to the listening dells, the blackbird's
song !

III.

Love, tender, true I gave to you, and secret sighs,
In hope to see, upon you and me, one hour arise,

genuine one, but in its simple pathos it bears strong evidence of authenticity. It was given me by a lady of the County Clare, whose mother, she informed me, was accustomed to sing it, at the advanced age of eighty years.

Ceanzal cléipeac eadairiñ ariaoi, 'r añ fájine
dliat;
U'r dá bfeicfíñ fén mo rcearc aí aon fíeari zéibíñ
bár le cúnjaid!

IV.

Dia-donimhí, 'nuaíji a cíójí aí aí tteampoll j,
Fallínn riamaic a'ír riabjí uajthe nílre aíun tari
zhaorí;
Aíur zúana do ríuabfadha na zleannata fíaojí :
Oc! ré mo bnaipreac tari do luadearadh lomha na
majzdeaní j!

V.

Ta úri píob aí mo mhríoní, 'r a bhlázaid tari aol,
A cíjlí caoda buacalaí aí fárt zo fíeuilí;
Se mo cùma níme haí rán hír ríor do fáradh me
Tari a ríuabfadha mé a z-cóisíb a'ír mo zíláid tari
m'déir!

Cíjoí.

When the priest's blest voice would confirm my
choice, and the ring's strict tie :
If wife you be, love, to one but me, love, in grief
I'll die !

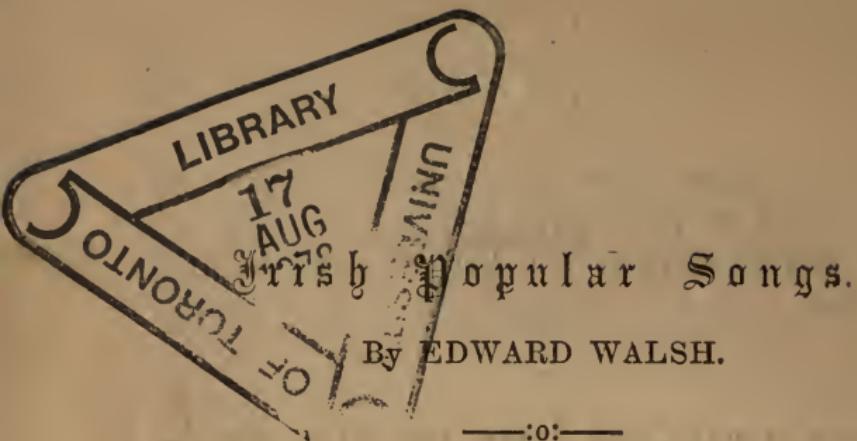
IV.

In church at pray'r first I saw the fair in glorious
sheen,
In mantle flowing, with jewels glowing, and frontlet
green,
And robe of whiteness, whose fold of lightness might
sweep the lea ;
Oh, my heart is broken since tongues have spoken
that maid for me !

V.

A neck of white has my heart's delight, and breast
like snow,
And flowing hair, whose ringlets fair to the green
grass flow—
Alas ! that I did not early die, before the day
That saw me here, from my bosom's dear, far, far
away !

THE END.



Press Notices of the First Edition—1847.

From the "Dublin Warden."

"This little volume is dedicated to the people of Ireland, by one who has given a great portion of his time and attention to the examination and illustration of their metrical literature. . . . Mr. Walsh has done a service to our national language by his metrical translations, in which we feel quite confident the spirit of the original is preserved as the measure is, so as to emit the 'song-tune' of the Irish ballad. The little volume is brought out in an attractive dress, at a low price, and must prove an accession to our national literary collection."

From the "Dublin Weekly Register."

"The translator of these songs has brought to his task a thoroughly competent knowledge and appreciation of the Irish language, considerable practice and aptitude for translation, and poetic feeling. Mr. Walsh has done in this instance, what should be done in all cases where the pieces are numerous enough to fill a separate publication, given the translation on the one page, the original on the opposite. The style of the rendering is free, smooth, and pleasing, and not unfrequently at once vigorous and harmonious."

Edward Walsh's



S O N G S

B
Y85

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

